

THE
HISTORY
OF
Jack Connor,
Now Conyers.

VOLUME II.

*But not to treat my Subject as in Jest,
(Yet may not Truth in laughing Guise be drest ?
As Masters fondly sooth the Boys to read,
With Cakes and Sweetmeats) let us now proceed
With graver Air, our serious Theme pursue,
And yet preserve our Moral full in View.*

FRANCIS'S HORACE.

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CHAP. I.

*He parted frowning from me, as if Ruin
leap'd from his Eyes.*

SHAKESPEARE.

SOME few Days pass'd in the common Way, when Mr. *Songfroid* enter'd, and with Pleasure told *Conyers*, he had provided him a good Place.—— 'My Lord Bishop of ——, said he, wants just such an one as you to transcribe his Works, and keep some Accounts.'—*Conyers*, without Hesitation, accepted the Offer, and next Morning was presented to the *Bishop*, and immediately enter'd on his Office.

His *Lordship* was a great *Writer*; but his Works were intended for the Use of Posterity, having never publish'd but a *Thanksgiving Sermon*, and one on the 30th of *January* by Order of the House of Lords. His Tracts were very voluminous, but all essential, and of the utmost Consequence to Mankind. His Treatise on the *Use and Abuse of Surplices and Lawn Sleeves* was filled with the profoundest Erudition.——His Discourse on *Pews, Cushions, and Mats*, in Churches, was extremely well

well handled ; but the Postscript on *the Crime of sleeping in those Places*, was so artfully worded that you felt an Example in yourself. — His Letter to the Inhabitants of the Parish of — clearly demonstrated the *Absurdity of a Steeple without Bells*. — His *Apology and Vindication of Murder, Adultery, and Fornication*, proving, mathematically that the *Nature and Name* of these Crimes were entirely chang'd by *Circumstance, Time, and Place* was a most learned and elaborate Performance ; but his favourite Work was his *History and Doctrine of Tythes* which he demonstrated to be an *Essential of True Religion*.

His Lordship, at different Times, was so good as fully to explain these Subjects to *Conyers*, who in three Months had transcrib'd the Treatise on Surplices, and had just began the last mention'd Work. He had full Employment, but was not extremely pleas'd with the Nature of it, for his Taste was so vitiated, that he found no Charms in what he did not understand.

THE Bishop kept a plentiful Table, where his *Clergy* were welcome, except the poorer Sort, to whom he made ample Amends for the Distinction by small Presents and large Promises. He was a Man of Virtue, and religiously kept his Word, when his Memory, which was none of the best, fail'd him not. So weak was he in that Quarter, that he remember'd and forgot his Promise to a poor Curate ten different Times, and as often was angry with himself. On these Occasions he used to say, ' Well, God help me ! I find I am grown old ; my Faculties can't last for ever ; — *The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away.*' — Sometimes indeed his Memory was very sharp, for if one, or ten of his Clergy, were sick, he never fail'd a daily Enquiry after their Health ; and when any died, he

never suffer'd the Living to lapse. He could not bear Contradiction, and no Doubt his Dependants were careful not to offend in that Article.—— He did not *like Money*, but he passionately *lov'd* it.

JACK did not much approve of his Situation. He liv'd well, but he plainly saw he had no great Prospect of a future Fortune, and look'd on himself as *Gil Blas* when with the Archbishop, which determin'd him to be soon convinc'd of what he had to depend on. He had thoughts of Writing a modest and moving Letter to his Lordship; but then he remember'd, That '*a Verse may catch him, who a Sermon flies*'; so resolv'd to write a Stanza or two, and leave it on my Lord's Desk next Morning. Accordingly he sat down and wrote,

*Tho' ev'ry Virtue fills my Heart,
Tho' Modesty o'ra-spreads my Face,
What are their Worth, except some Art
Can raise these Virtues into Place?*

*Yet, tho' I can't myself commend,
Kind Fate may still relieve my Want,
And, as dull Sermons always End,
Heaven of it's gracious Mercy grant!*

MR LORD mounted to his Study as usual, and found the Scroll, which he carefully read, and as carefully put into his Pocket——Family Prayers and Breakfast being ended, Jack was ordered to attend him.— 'Good-morrow Mr. Conyers, said his Lordship, I am extreamly concern'd that my Understanding did not discover your Worth and Genius before this Morning. They are so uncommon, they ought to be rewarded.'— Jack applauded himself for his lucky Thought, but my Lord proceeded— 'I have a Paper in my Hand, 'on

' on which you will permit my making a few Re-
 ' marks. I believe it is intended for Poetry
 ' which at the best, is an idle unprofitable Study
 ' I shall not speak of the Rhyme, but of the Sub-
 ' ject.—Your first Line is false, for as you want
 ' *Prudence*, you cannot have *every Virtue*.—
 ' Your second is not Fact, for I never saw you
 ' *Blush* in my Life.—Oh—I ask your Pardon
 ' you blush now indeed.—As to the *Worth* of
 ' your *Virtues* and *Modesty*, I am afraid you will
 ' find it of little or no Value, and your *Art* must
 ' be extraordinary if you think to impose on me.—
 ' But it seems you want a *Place*.—I shall soon put
 ' you into the High-road to preferment.—Your
 ' Second Stanza is most admirable.—You cannot
 ' *Praise yourself*, poor Gentleman! altho' you tell
 ' us of your *Virtue* and *Modesty*.—This indeed is
 ' the Height of *Modesty*!—Then like a true Hea-
 ' then, you believe in *Fate*.—If so pray Mr. *John*
 ' take care of your Fate.—Here you complain bit-
 ' terly of *Want*. Can any Man be said to want
 ' who has three good Meals a Day?—Now come
 ' the best of all.—You are one of those fine Gen-
 ' tlemen who can't play the Fool but they must
 ' bring in the *Church*. You abuse *Sermons*.—
 ' Who make *Sermons* but the Clergy?—and the
 ' *Clergy* make the *Church*. These Matters, Mr.
 ' *John*, ought to be held in Reverence by all Men
 ' much more by such as you.'—' I most humbly
 ' beseech your Lordship, said *Jack*, to——.' ' Pray
 ' Sir spare me, said my Lord, for I have but a few
 ' Words more to say.—You were so good as to
 ' give me a Bit of *Poetry*, and in Return, permit
 ' me to give you a Bit of *Prose*.—He then rung
 his Bell, and giving him a Paper proceeded.—

Here is Mr *John Conyers*, some of my own
 Composition, and to shew you it is of some Value

pray take these ten Guineas to it.--So now Mr. *John Conyers* you are a Free Man, and have my Consent to get what *Place* you please.'--My Lord's Gentleman then enter'd the Chamber.--*Lewis*, said my Lord, here is Mr. *John*, who has given me such a Lecture on his *Modesty*, that convinces me he is the most impudent Fellow breathing: So, bid the Porter open the Door and let him out. Such *Modesty* ought to be seen in the World.'--*Jack* was extremely mortify'd, and attempted to speak, but *Lewis* shoulder'd him out of the Room. Finding he could have no Remedy, he bundled up his little Effects, quitted the House, and soon visited Mr. *Sangfroid*, to whom he told his story.

'THIS Accident, said his Friend, gives me little Concern, for I believe his Lordship would never have provided for you as you deserve, but, if you will wear a Livery, I can get you into *Sir Peter Shallow's* Service To-morrow. He is a Member of Parliament, and perhaps, in Time, may procure you an Employment.'--'It is worth the Trial, said *Conyers*, and a Livery shall be no Objection.'--Next Day *Jack* attended *Sir Peter*, and receiv'd the Badge of Office, but, by the Advice of his Friend, he took the Name of *Constant*.

CHAP. II.

*There, Affectation, with a sickly Mein,
Shows in her Cheeks the Roses of Eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the Head aside,
Faints into Airs and languishes with Pride,
On the rich Quilt sinks with becoming Woe,
Wrapt in a Gown, for Sickness, and for Show.
The Fair-ones feel such Maladies as these,
When each new Night-dress gives a new Disease.*

POPE'S Rape of the Lock

SIR PETER SHALLOW was a Gentleman of a large Fortune, but more remarkable for his easy, quiet Temper, than strong Judgment. His Lady had somewhat of the opposite Character, and as her *Understanding* inform'd her, Sir Peter had but a small Share, she took the accustom'd Privilege of, sometimes, imposing on it, and indeed his great Fondness gave her frequent Opportunities. Her Ladyship had a very delicate Constitution, and was afflicted with the *Spleen* and *Vapours* to such a Degree, that she has sometimes been silent for ten Minutes, then has burst out into Lamentations and Tears, then into violent Laughter, and end in a Swoon.--Doctor *Nostrum* constantly attended; but one Evening when he had finish'd above, Sir John got him to taste some Cape Wine, and give some Account of her Ladyship's Disorder.-- 'Sir John said the Doctor, who was a dry Joker, here is my Service to you.-- Upon my Word very good Wine-- very good Wine indeed, Sir. But you were saying something of that there Disorder. Why-- to be sure, your *Hypochondriac* and *Hysteric* Disorders are troublesome, -- very troublesome, and tedious, but seem, I may say, to be more so to the Husband or Wife, or

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tendants, than to the *Patient* and *Physician*. I think I have had these Disorders, in a peculiar Manner, under my Care, for these Thirty or Thirty-two Years last past; and It hink I may say, that I understand them; that is, I know how to treat them properly.--There is no certain Rule to go by, for,-- for as a skilful Mariner must find out the Trim of his Ship; so I say a skilful Physician must find out the Temper of his Patient.—If I prescribe a *China Jarr*, when the Malady is fix'd on a *Japan Cabinet*, I shall do Wrong,-- be all out, and perchance may double the Disorder upon me.'

' I own Doctor, said Sir Peter, I am no Judge of these Matters, but for my Blood, I cannot conceive what *Jarrs* or *Cabinets* have to do in the Affair.'— ' O Lord, Sir Peter, cry'd the Doctor-- but here's my best Respects.--In Truth, it has a charming Flavour!-- but, as you were saying, -- or -- as I was saying.-- To explain this Phenomenon, I shall not call in the *Ancients*, for they were ignorant, very ignorant of sundry modern Ailments, but account, that is, reason upon them, on the Principles of the modern Philosophy.-- Hem-- hem— The Disorder is of the *Feminine Gender*.—When it attacks a *Masculine Figure*, it then becomes of the *doubtful*.-- It is term'd, by Pre-eminence, *Vapour*, from its ascending Quality; for it rises (you'll please to observe, Sir) in the Heart by the too quick Vibration of the Blood, and mounts directly to the Brain.-- Thus-- when an Object is placed before a Lady in such a Point of Light, that the Rays of her Eyes center, and form a *Focus* upon it, the Effect is surprizing.--The Object indeed remains sound and entire, but her Heart *burns for* it.--When the Heart Strings are untuned, no
' Wonder

' Wonder that the Voice is all Discord, —
 ' *Diamond Solitair* — *AGilt Chariot* —
 ' *Dresden China* — *An Indian Skreen* —
 ' and the like, cause such a Fluttering of the ani-
 ' mal Spirits, and raise such a longing for *possession*
 ' *them*, that clearly demonstrates Sir *Isaac's* Doc-
 ' trine of *Attraction* and *Vision*. — Contrary
 ' Principles will sometimes produce the same
 ' dreadful Effects. — When a Lady delights in
 ' the innocent Amusement of *PLAY*, and has
 ' what they call, an *ill Run*, it undoubtedly will
 ' over-heat the Blood, and sour the Temper-
 ' --but I say--when she is not in a Condition to
 ' discharge such *honourable Debts*, the whole Mass
 ' is on a Ferment, and frequently produces Con-
 ' sequences very fatal to the Repose of the Fam-
 ' ily.
 ' ' WOULD to Heaven, said Sir Peter, it was
 ' the Case of my dear Creature, I then could soon
 ' apply the Remedy.' — Why truly, Sir Peter
 ' reply'd the Doctor, two or three hundred Guinea
 ' make wonderful Alterations. I would advise
 ' you, Sir Peter, to see how my Prescriptions will
 ' operate for a Day or two. — If the Disorder
 ' don't take a Turn in that Time, why, apply
 ' your's. — But, here's my good Lady's bet-
 ' ter Health. — I profess it is a most delicious
 ' Cordial! -- It warms my Heart.' — ' I fear
 ' cy, Doctor, said Sir Peter, this Wine would be
 ' very proper for my dear Girl. — It would
 ' raise her Spirits.' — ' Raise her Spirits
 ' cry'd the Doctor, why, it is their being too high
 ' that causes the Disorder. -- Besides- Besides-
 ' dulciferous Fluids are bad. — Acid is her proper
 ' Regimen, and tho' it is true, there is an Acid
 ' in all Sweets; it is not of the right Sort — You
 ' right genuine *Sour* is the surest Remedy. — I have
 ' order'd the Juice of the *Crab Apple* to be taken
 ' internally

internally, and the fungous Matter to be apply'd, Plaister-ways, to the Shoulder and Back, with great Success.—I was once sent for to a rich Carpenter's in *Southwark*, whose Wife was suddenly seiz'd with the *Vapours*.—The poor Woman was extremely ill, as any Lady of the First Quality. So Sir,-- as I was saying, -- I was going to order her the Apples, but the Season not affording any, and her Case being very desperate, I directed her Husband to take a *Slender Twig* of that *there* Tree of about three Foot long, and apply the same in so smart a Manner to the *Shoulders*, that the Part might be thoroughly warm'd, and the pores so open'd, as at once to draw, and suffer the malignant *Effluvia* to *evaporate* with Ease.— Next Morning, Sir, I visited my Patient, but, to my very great Surprize, I found her chearfully sitting by the Kitchen Fire, darning her Husband's stockings.—The Fellow was an ungrateful Dog for he never employ'd me since.—I shall not, Sir *Peter*, take up more of your Time at present, but I refer you to a small Folio on that Subject, which I have now ready for the Press.—This one is as and no more.—Amongst a Variety of Observations, one is pretty general.—In all the Practice and Experience I have had, I never knew a single subject to Spleen or *Vapours*, who was seiz'd with a *surly, ill natur'd* Husband.—In *Asia* the Disorder is unknown, otherwise the great *Klincksy*, and the celebrated *Baronivisky*, would have taken some Notice of it; but you frequently meet with the Use and Efficacy of the *Tree*, and find it in most of their Prescriptions, which, perhaps, is given by way of Prevention.—But my Hour is come for a Consultation, Sir.—Sir *Peter*, your most obedient and most faithful humble Servant.—

POOR

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POOR Sir *Peter* was greatly edified by the Doctor's learned Dissertation, but had not Judgment enough to take his Advice; for, with the Impatience of a Lover, he flew to my Lady's Apartment, and finding her somewhat composed, tho' extremely feeble, he ventur'd to mention, 'That perhaps she might want some little Necessaries he was unacquainted of, and intreated her Acceptance of Three Hundred Guineas.'—He threw the Money on the Table; but it was astonishing to observe, how quickly the *Remedy* operated.—Her Face glow'd, a Vermillion spread her Cheeks, she smil'd Heavenly, and, at last, most tenderly embracing her dear Sir *Peter*, she sunk into his Arms, and every Symptom of the Malady vanish'd.

CH A P. III.

*For as a Pythagorean Soul
Runs thro' all Beasts, and Fish and Fowl,
And has a Smack of ev'ry one;
So Love does, and has ever done;
And therefore, tho' 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the Vagabond:
'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,
Whose hot-Fit takes the Patient first;
That after burns with Cold as much
As Ice in Greenland does the Touch.*

HUDIBRA

THE Servants had perswaded *Jack* to be a Member, and pay Quarteridge to a Society of Footmen, which they call'd a Parliament. The Convocation regulated diverse weighty Matters, rais'd a Fund for the Maintenance of their Brethren out of Place. The Members took the Titles of their respective Masters, and spoke and acted

ar their Characters, that it might be term'd a
turnalia. *Jack* was but too punctual a Visitor.
 he improv'd not in his Manners by such Com-
 ny, he thought, at least, that he was well di-
 orted.

THE Constitution of this motly Synod, with
 their Conduct and Resolutions, must be postpon'd
 another Chapter, that the Chain of this History
 ay not be broken.

Was our Hero entitled to an Estate, his Age
 ould permit him to enjoy it.— His Complexion,
 Manner, his Voice, but above all, his generous
 od-humour'd Disposition, could not escape the
 ercing Eyes of Mrs. *Susanna Pinup*. This Lady
 ed in the humble Station of Waiting-Woman to
 dy *Shallow*. From her Knowledge of sundry
 mestick Secrets, she had great Power in the Fa-
 ly, and, as the Servants phrase it, had *feather'd*
Nest. Her great Sagacity not only discover'd
 arms in the Person of Mr. *John Constant*, but
 t he had Money likewise. The Union of such
 ections, merited her tenderest Regard, to which,
 thought, if her own were added, the System of
 opiness would be compleat.

WITH these Views Mrs. *Pinup* began to notice
Jack in a particular Manner. She shew'd him
 y Civility; she honour'd him frequently with
 Conversation, and was so intimate and graci-
 , that he often drank Tea in her Chamber.
 h a manifest Partiality drew on her the Resent-
 nt and scandalous Tongues of the other Servants;
 from her *exalted Seat*, she look'd down with
 contempt on the *vulgar Wretches*.—Mr. *Buffet*,
 Butler, seem'd most concern'd, and, with a
 ndic'd Eye, beheld this growing Passion, so fa-
 to his Hopes. This Gentleman had long sigh'd
 Mrs. *Pinup*, and made sundry Libations of
 s of Sack, and other choice Wines, on the
 K Shrine

Shrine of her Beauty. His Project was as extensive as it was ambitious. He judg'd, that could he obtain the Heart of this Lady, *the cheating the Family* in every Branch, from the *Cellar*, upwards, would centre in his own Pocket. This was a Loss if Philosophy was not Proof against, and made him meditate dire Revenge.

MRS. PINUP was so fond of *Jack*, and so secure of her darling Scheme, that she omitted some Essentials in bringing it to bear; for one Evening when Protestations and Vows were plentifully bestowed on each other, and fervent Kisses and Embraces given, and return'd with mutual Ardour the *World* and all its *idle Ceremonies*, were forgotten, and equal Happiness cemented their Hearts without the Assistance of any *Priest*, except that of Love.

MATTERS were thus conducted for some Time but Mrs. *Pinup* had prais'd *Jack* so much to Miss *Shallow*, that she long'd to converse with him, and *Pinup's* Chamber gave her frequent Opportunities. Miss *Shallow* was Sister to Sir *Peter*, and had a Fortune of Ten Thousand Pounds. Her Education had been none of the best, and her Person was of that Sort, that a Man passes by without noticing. However, *Jack's* Vanity was strangely set up, and Ten Thousand Pounds put a Million of Schemes into his Head, and his waking and sleeping Dreams were fill'd with *Equipage* and *Splendour*. With some Difficulty and weighty Reasons, he persuaded *Pinup* to assist him, and Miss *Shallow* seemed no-ways averse to his *Caresses* and *Proposal*, though she was actually engag'd to 'Squire *Hunt*, and her Marriage Writings drawn. In short, nothing wanting to compleat this Affair but a convenient Opportunity, which would soon have happen'd, had not adverse Fate, in the Shape of Mr. *Buffett*, maliciously interpos'd.

JEALOUSY, *Envy*, *Interest* and *Revenge* are powerful *separate*, but make strange Havock when united. *Buffett* had them all. He had never ceas'd watching the Motions of *Mrs. Pinup*; and his Discoveries were such, that they added to his Pain; but, when he found *Miss Shallow* was of the Party, *Revenge* open'd an ample Field.

Sir Peter, as I've before observ'd, was not the rightest Genius in *England*; but, in Recompence, Nature had indulg'd him with a large Share of Pride, (*that Vice of little Minds!*) with which he sometimes impos'd himself on the World as a Man of Consequence and great Importance.—*Mr. Buffett* knew his ruling Passion, and applied to it. On the first Notice, the *Knight* storm'd and swell'd with rage, but the Butler moderated his Anger, and perswaded him into Patience, until he should convince him of the Truth.—Next Evening the lovers met; but the artful *Buffett* had so contriv'd, that *Sir Peter* abruptly enter'd, and caught the unguarded Pair in their innocent Embraces, and *Mrs. Pinup* in the Midst of a Discourse on Constancy.—'Fine Doings in my House, cry'd *Sir Peter*—But I'll spoil your Sport you impudent Son of a W—re.'—He ran directly at *Jack*, but *Mrs. Pinup* and *Miss Shallow* averted the Blow, and gave him an Opportunity of slipping out of the Room. His Retreat was so precipitate, that he did not observe the Butler list'ning on the Stair-head, but drove against his Breast with such Force, that poor *Mr. Buffett* was hurried down a little improperly, his Head went foremost. He fell with a mighty noise, and the Alarm was general through the Family.—Had there been *Earth* or *Air-quakes* in these Days, no Doubt they had all ran to *Prayers*, and laugh'd at themselves for so doing, when the danger was over.—*Sir Peter* thunder'd—*Miss Shallow* scream'd, and *Pinup* wept so loud, that my Lady

with her Company, and almost all the Servants fill'd the Room in an Instant.

THE Knight thought he acted very cunningly, by not telling the *Whole* of this Affair before so many; but as he dropt some Words about *Miss*, and insisted that *Pinup* and *Jack* should be immediately discharg'd, he left them all Room enough to think *the worst*, tho', perhaps, their Charity and Good nature wanted not his Help.—*My Lady* pleaded strongly for poor *Pinup*; yet at last she was oblig'd to consent, but with a Proviso, that the *Butler* should make a Third. *Sir Peter* gave him up very readily, so that in less than an Hour, the ill-fated *Mr. Buffett* lost his Cellar,---The unhappy *Pinup* lost all her Lover's Promises.---The unfortunate *Jack* lost Ten Thousand Pounds, and---next Day *Miss Shallow* lost her Reputation, but luckily she found it on the Third, in the Arms of 'Squire Hunt.

I FORGOT to mention, that *Mr. Sangfroid* had been lately oblig'd to accompany a Nobleman to *Lisbon*; so that *Jack* lost this *Asylum* with his Advice and Friendship.—When he had pack'd up his Goods, and resign'd his Livery, he found *Mr. Pinup* waiting for him in the Hall, because, as she said, 'One Coach might serve both?---They moun- ed, but where to drive was not determin'd, but at last they stopt in *Southampton-street*: *Jack* alighted and soon found a convenient Lodging, where the happy Pair acted the Part of *Man and Wife*, with great Harmony for about a Fortnight.---*Pinup* often boasted her Riches, and tempted him, by shewing Thirty Guineas in hard Gold, besides *Linnens* and *Woollens*, and sundry Gowns and Petticoats.---*Jack* was Proof against all Tears and Intreaties.---'said he, I've more than that myself. Mary '---we should be pretty Devils truly! No, ' Child, keep your Money, and I'll keep your

cret.'--- 'I don't understand, *said she*, what you mean by Secrets.---If I have any, I believe it won't be a Secret long.---I wish your *Money* was no more a Secret than mine.'--- 'So much for Secrets, *reply'd Jack*, now for the Proof.---Do you see that large Trunk, my Dear?---'Tis the faithful Repository of *Fifty Guineas*.'--- Ay, ay, *said she*, I see both your Trunks, but for the Money, *seeing's believing*.'--- 'You have no more Faith, *reply'd Jack*, than an *Ebrew Jew*; but I shall convince you in a Moment.'--- The large Trunk had been open'd, by him, these six Months, and he found the Lock rusty, and more difficult than it used to be. At last he got the better, but was surprized at seeing some of his Effects out of order. In a little Flutter, he search'd for his *Purse*, not readily finding it, his Hurry increased, and he pull'd out an *old Great Coat*, and some tatter'dirts artfully mingl'd with some of his Things of little Value.---In a Word, his *Money* and his best Effects were vanish'd.---He flew in an Instant to the small Trunk, which contain'd his ordinary Wear, and in which he had very oddly placed the *small* of his old Friend Mr. *Kindly* had given him, and most of Mr. *Villeneuve's* and his own Papers. Finding this safe and untouch'd, he sat down in Silence, and was greatly perplex'd.

BLESS me, *said Mrs. Pinup*, what ails the Man?---Sure, you haven't lost your *Money*?

---Yes, *said Jack*, 'tis gone,---every Shilling gone! but how, or which Way, Heaven knows!---Heaven knows! *said she*, I believe Heaven knows very well you had no such Thing, but that you've betray'd and cheated a poor innocent Woman; but since I find these are your Tricks, I shall take care of myself I assure you.---Very well, *reply'd Jack*, pray proceed, for I am in a Temper to provoke a *Saint*,

' for I sha'n't answer.'—As she had nothing to fear, she saluted him with bitter Terms, and many stinging Reproaches, till *Tears* interven'd, and gave him a Recess.—' Since, *said he*, you are so good ' to be silent, because you have no more to say ' pray let me be heard.—I have my Quarter ' Wages in my Pocket, which will more than pay ' the Lodging. Let me have a little Repose this ' Night, and To-morrow you may dispose of ' yourself how and which Way you please, for, ' the Lord, this shall be the last.'—*Pinup* attempted a Reply, but he swore in so peremptory Manner, as frighten'd the poor Woman into Silence. They retir'd to Bed, but *Love* and *Repose* had forsaken it, and *Hatred* and *Disquietude* took their Place.—The dawning Day rous'd *Jack* from his Pillow, and *Pinup* unwillingly follow'd. He generously paid all Charges, and putting his Trunk on a Bier, parted with this Lady, telling her, before the Landlady, that she might follow at her Leisure, but, as he intended, so, he never saw her after.

C H A P. IV.

EXAMPLE is a living Law, whose Sway
Men more than all the written Laws obey.

S E D L E

AS the dropping Water will, in Time, press even Marble, so low and mean Company will communicate their Sentiments and Infect an Heart of Understanding and Virtue.—*Jack* ceas'd to be the Agreeable, and the Polite.... He swore much, and sometimes drank.... He had contracted a saucy impertinent Air, and instead of a humble, modest Deportment that drew on him the Love and Esteem of the World, his Looks

Act

ctions seem'd to demand them as his *Right*, and as to his Person and superior Merit. He forgot the Lessons and Instructions of his Friends, and sought his own Experience and great Knowledge were sufficient to conduct him, without the Assistance of *pedantick* Rules, or the *musty Gravity* of Philosophers.

HOWEVER, this last Stroke of Fortune had al-
 low'd his *Thermometer*, and *Pride* sunk down to
stream Humility. In this Temper he apply'd to
 Mr. Edge, a Barber, to whom he made known his
 situation. Honest Edge was sorry to find him in
 such Distress, and provided him a Room for two
 shillings a Week, but for his Diet, he was to
 manage the best Way he could. He had still three
 guineas and some Silver remaining, and waited,
 with great Anxiety, for a Turn of Fortune.

As our Hero, like other Heroes, has found a
 time for Idleness and Inaction, it furnishes me an
 opportunity of examining the *Memoirs of the Par-*
liament of Footmen, and making such Extracts as I
 judge of publick Use and Benefit.

THIS noble Order held their Assemblies at sun-
 ny *Beer-Houses*, but all united in the mean View
 of giving Laws to, and providing a Maintenance
 for the Brethren who came within their Rules.
 The Chamber our Friend frequented was fill'd with
 the Servants of *Dukes, Lords, Bishops, Knights*
 and *Squires*, and made up a subscribing Body of
 about Two Hundred, of which Forty or Fifty were
 commonly present at each Weekly Assembly. As
 these *Great Men*, follow'd the Example of their
great Superiors, they were less Clamorous than
 might be expected.---An old Gentleman fill'd the
 Chair as *Speaker*, and kept Matters in most excel-
 lent Order.

THE following are a few of their principal Re-
 gulations; for by the Advice of Friends, I shall
 K 4 speedily

speedily publish, *by Subscription*, a full and impartial History of this *Noble Order*, in Seven Volumes Octavo, in which will be included all their Speeches on the most interesting Subjects, and a Complete System of Wisdom and Prudence.---The Resolutions necessary in this Place are as follow.

RESOLVED, That each Member, when out of Place, shall receive Two Shillings each Week, for the Term of six Months, but no longer. On his getting a new Livery to pay fresh Entrance.

RESOLVED, That each Member pay Five Shillings on his Admittance, and Two Shillings and Six-pence each Quarter.

RESOLVED, That no Member, when accompanying his Master or Mistress in their Visits, shall attempt to open or hold the Coach Door, or afford them any the least Assistance, but leave them to the Care of the Servants of the Family visited.

RESOLVED, That the Hats, Swords or Canes of Gentlemen visiting each of our respective Masters, shall be seized upon, and kept in safe Custody, until the said Gentlemen depart. Should any of the said Gentlemen refuse or neglect to pay the usual Compliment, it shall and may be lawful to change his said Hat, &c. or have them mislaid or lost, and, as Occasion serves, to give him Water when he calls for Wine; Small Beer when he desires Bread; and, if he be an obstinate Offender, entirely to disregard and affront him.

RESOLVED, That as we look on the Tables of our Masters as *Ordinaries*, so we expect to be paid in Proportion to their Rank, from Half a Crown to Half a Guinea.

RESOLVED, That no Persons paying a Morning Visit to our respective Masters, and particularly *Trades-People* with *Bills*, shall be permitted to see Them, except on Payment of the usual and accustomed

tomed Fee, but on their Compliance, then our said Masters to be made visible, notwithstanding any Orders to the Contrary.

RESOLVED, That in attending our Masters or Mistresses to the Play-house, or any other publick Spectacle where we are admitted, we will endeavour to imitate their Conduct, by doing our utmost to disturb the Audience. This will demonstrate our Power, and shew the Use of exalting us.

RESOLVED, That no Member shall be entituled to the Benefit of this Society who shall live more than three Months in any Family who do not play Cards five Nights in the Week, Sunday Night included; neither shall he receive any Benefit if it can be prov'd that he has suffer'd any Diminution to his Authority and legal Privileges.

RESOLVED, And it is hereby most solemnly agreed, by the Honour and Dignity of our Cloth, that should any Member of this Society marry the Relict of his Master, or the Daughter of his Master or Mistress, that he shall pay into the Hands of our Treasurer, ten Shillings for every Hundred Pounds obtain'd by such Marriage.

RESOLVED That any Member, guilty of Robbery or Theft, shall be expell'd this Society. Nevertheless, This is not understood to extend to Breach of Trust, Embezzlement of Goods, and the necessary Frauds in Bread, Coals, Candles, Oats, &c. which we regard as Privileges annexed to our Posts, and Part of our just Perquisites.

RESOLVED, That each Member be as careful as possible of all his Apparel, except the Livery, and that he practises all lawful Ways and Means to wear out his Master's Shirts, Shoes, Stockings, &c.

THEY had many more, equally wholesome Laws, not made; like some others, to be broken or dispis'd, for I apprehend they kept strictly to each.

C H A P. V.

*Endure and conquer; Jove will soon dispose
To future Good our past and present Woes:
An hour will come with Pleasure to relate
Your Sorrows past, as Benefits of Fate.*

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

JACK remain'd at the Barber's about three Weeks; and tho' he received his *Parliamentary* Pension very punctually, yet his Money diminish'd apace. He saw no Appearance of Advancement, and gloomy melancholy Thoughts rack'd his Brain. With a View of alleviating his Sorrows, he frequently took a *Dram*, and innocently amused himself with one or two very low *Amours*. This made his Purse feel a very sensible Decay, for it now contain'd but a very few Shillings. — Mad and Wild at the Cruelty of his Fate, a thousand Projects fill'd his Head, and at last ended in the noble Resolution of spending the little he had in Pleasure, and then to resign a Life that became burthensome to him. He brought many weighty Reasons to vindicate the Action, and call'd to his Mind the Example of sundry Great Men who accounted it Meritorious. — 'Why are we, *said he*, brought into the World but to enjoy the few Pleasures of it, with Ease and Content? — What Ease have I? — What Content? — If the Reasons of *Being* cease, is but Just we should cease to *Be*. — Besides, What are all the Pleasures of this World, even in the highest Gratification, but *idle, stupid Repetition* of the same stupid Amusements? — Come gentle *Thames*, and peaceful Grave now come, for *Comers* is weary of this World, and longs to lay his troubled Head in Dust!

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 227

HE was now in St. *James's Park*. His Steps were slow; his Arms were folded; his Head was reclin'd, and a fix'd Melancholy was seated on his Brow.—In the midst of these Reflections, two of his *quondam* Brethren pass'd him by; but one, turning about, cry'd,—‘Z—ns, *Jack Constant!*——
‘Such a Man alive!—Where the Devil have you hid yourself these Thousand Years?’—These Sort of Greetings finish'd, they enter'd into Particulars.---‘I suppose, *said Tom Smart*, you are now one of those poor darstardly Scoundrels who starve, in a rich World.’——‘Let him starve, cry'd *Jack Brazen*, if he han't Spirit enough to fish in troubled Waters.’ ‘Come, come, *said Smart*. d'ye really want Money?’---‘Not much, *reply'd our Friend*, for I believe I have a Shilling; but where to get another, the Lord knows.’---‘Here's a Guinea, my Boy, *said Smart*, you see I don't want Money, nor need you, if you'll take our Advice; but let's dine together, and talk that Matter over.’

THEY din'd, and a Bottle of *Port* was open'd, as well as the Conversation. *Smart* dwelt long on the partial Distribution of the good Things of this World, and on the Necessity of correcting the Scheme.---‘Is it just, *said he*, that Numbers of good-for-nothing worthless Animals shall wallow in *Plenty* and *Abundance*, whilst such young Fellows as us may want the common Conveniences of Life?’---‘Very just, *said Brazen*, provided they will permit our using some of their Superfluities.’——‘D---me, *said Jack*, but I am all in the dark. I wish you'd speak a little plainer, or not speak at all. You may depend on my Secrecy, for I am almost already in the Grave. Now Gentlemen, if you've a Mind to bring me to Life, come to the Point directly, and
‘a thousand

' a thousand to one but I'll join in your Scheme.'
 ' ——— Well said honest *Jack*, cry'd *Smart*,
 ' then to the Point: ——— You must know, that
 ' *Brazen* and I were turn'd a drift together from
 ' my Lord's. We wore out our Shoes and the
 ' Pavement, but could get no Employment; and
 ' something told us that eating was necessary, so my
 ' dear *Constant*, we padded it about the Fields for some
 ' Time, and, by our Industry, have risen to *Horse*.
 ' We are at this Time *Commissioners of the High-*
 ' *ways*, and collect those *Duties* omitted in the
 ' *Acts of Parliament*. ——— I understand you,
 ' said *Jack*; but does it answer? Is it not dange-
 ' rous?' ——— It answers, said *Smart*, extream-
 ' ly well, tho', to be sure, it is a little hazardous;
 ' but where is the Employment without it? ———
 ' Don't the *Merchant* venture his Substance, and
 ' the Soldier and Sailor risk their *Lives* for Six-
 ' pence a-Day? ——— Some risk their *Reputation*,
 ' and most People risk their *Souls*. ——— Believe
 ' me, *Jack*, the whole World is a Game of Ha-
 ' zard, and (shewing his Pistols) here are my *Dice*.
 ' ——— Will you Set?

OUR Hero paus'd, and a violent Conflict arose
 in his Breast between *Virtue* and *Necessity*. ———
 At last, *Brazen* clapp'd him on the Shoulder, and
 cry'd, ——— What says my dear Boy? ———
 ' Will you make a Third, and then our Party is
 ' compleat?' ——— Gentlemen, said *Jack*, give
 me your Hands. ——— Now I am a Brother. ———
 Command and lead me where you please. ———
 That Night they conducted him to their Lodging,
 and gave him a Horse for the Morning Expedition,
 and Three Guineas more. They rose very early,
 and *Jack* put on a Pair of Spatterdashies, examin'd
 his Saddle and Pistols, and found all Things in tol-
 erable Order.

THE Plan of Operation was settled by *Smart*, but, providentially, *Jack* made a small Alteration. 'No, Gentlemen, *said he*, let us not set out together, or keep Company on the Road, as it may cause Suspicion; let us rather divide, and ride on to *Stains*, but join on *Hounslow-Heath* precisely at Eleven o'Clock, when we can't fail of meeting the Coach we look for.—Besides, when separate, we may each pick up a single Traveller to amuse us before the principal Action.——Very right, *said Smart*, then I'll advance first, *Brazen* will follow in Half an Hour, and you will bring up the Rear in another, so, Gentlemen, Good-morrow, Success attend us.'——He rode off, and *Brazen* but rested his proper Time.

WHEN alone, *Jack* began to consider this Affair more circumspectly, but not with a Design of breaking his Engagement. The Fellow who took Care of the Horses was no Stranger to the Expedition, and congratulated his new Master on the Prospect of making his Fortune. 'Tim, *said Jack*, I have a Thought that will surprize my Friends; if you will assist me, I'll give you a Crown for your Trouble.'——That I will, Master, *answer'd Tim*, and be true and faithful too.'——Well, then, *said Jack*, take my Horse, and ride a little beyond the Church at *Hounslow*, and wait for me; you may depend I shan't keep you long. When you deliver me the Horse, go directly across the Heath.'——*Tim* promis'd to obey his orders, and set forward.

Two odd Circumstances happen'd to *Jack*. He fortunately knew the Name of a Family that liv'd near *Hounslow*, of which he intended to make a proper Use; and the old Great Coat which he found in his Trunk, he had made into a *Surtout*, and was worn on his Back. This Coat was of that Sort of Cloth that is one Side Scarlet, and the other Blue;
it

it was single, and not lin'd. This Day the Blue was outside, and the Sleeves turn'd up, made Scarlet Cuffs. Thus dress'd, he walk'd to *Piccadilly*, and took a Post-Chaise to *Hounslow*, where he arriv'd at Ten o'Clock. With great Civility he enquir'd of Mrs. Day about the Family he said he was going to visit. He call'd for a Gill of Wine, and the good Woman answer'd all his Questions, which were such, as made her imagine he was a Relation of the Family, and had just come from Abroad. He hinted, that perhaps he might stay there a Week, or return in an Hour, when he'd be glad of a Post-Chaise ready for *London*. Mrs. Day assuring him he should have one at a Moment's Warning, he walk'd forward, tho' with a troubled Mind, and soon found his Horse.—When *Tim* had march'd off, he turn'd his *Surtout*, and was now in Scarlet, with blue Sleeves.

HE rode on about three Miles, and met with his Friends, who began to be in some Pain about him.

'Z—ds, said *Smart*, what the Devil kept you so long?—but we have no Time to talk, for the Coach is at Hand. You are to keep the Postillion and Coachman in Awe; *Brazen* will do the same with the Servants, and let me alone for conversing with the Passengers. When the Job's over, let's separate, and meet at our Lodging.

THEY had no Time for further Deliberation for the Coach drew near.—Courage! cry'd *Smart* and all rode briskly forward.—*Jack* did his Duty with the Postillion;—The Servants, making Resistance, received a Fire from *Brazen*, which did no Harm; but the Compliment was instantly return'd, and poor *Brazen* fell from his Horse. While this was doing, *Smart* attack'd the Coach, but the Gentleman in it, with great Resolution, so nimbly and with such Strength, turn'd his Wrist, that the

Pill

Pistol went off in the Air, and immediately one of the Servants rode up, and knock'd him down.

JACK, finding two Wings of his Army taken Prisoners, was determin'd to save the Remainder by a speedy Flight. The Gentlemen and Servants were so busy about *Smart* and *Brazen*, that he was not pursu'd, but got near *Hounslow* in a short Time.

—His former Caution had now its Use; for tying his Horse to a Tree, a little out of the Road, he once more turn'd his Coat, and walk'd leisurely on to the Inn. With a tolerable Coolness of Temper, he desir'd a Post-Chaise; but accidentally a Horse was wanting, which obliged him to wait a full half Hour, which, no doubt, he thought was half an Age. He summon'd all his Resolution, to avoid Suspicion, and talk'd to Mrs. Day about the Family he had visited. His Chaise was just ready when Mr. Day enter'd.—‘ There, now, *said he*, is two

fine Gentlemen that have made a noble Kettle of Fish of it this Morning.’—‘ Bless me, my Dear, *said Mrs. Day*, what's the Matter?—Not much, *reply'd her Husband*, only a Coach was stopp'd on the Heath by three Highwaymen, and two of 'em is taken, and now at next Inn.’—‘ Dear Sirs, *said Mrs. Day*, 'tis the most preposterousest Thing in Life, that Gentlefolks won't travel in Post Chaiseses, and then they're always safe from these Fellows.’—‘ Well, well, *said her Husband*, I must send after the Third who escap'd; I'll engage to find out his *Scarlet Coat* before Night.’—

Were it not, *said Mrs. Day*, that these poor Creatures pay for being Taken, I am sure and certain my Husband would never trouble his Head about them; because, you know, Sir, one of the Gang will *peach*, and then the others hang of Course.

WHAT were the Emotions of Jack's Soul, cannot be express'd. He felt Agonies that all his former

mer Distresses had never plung'd him into; but, recollecting his Situation, he chim'd in with Mrs. Day, and spoke greatly against the Disturbers of the Publick.—At last, he took his Leave of Mrs. Day, mounted his Chaise, and gat safe to London, but often thought the Horses were very bad.

C H A P. VI.

*To be Good, is to be Happy: Angels
Are happier than Men, because they're better.
Guilt is the Source of Sorrow; 'tis the Fiend,
Th' avenging Fiend, that follows us behind
With Whips and Stings. The Bless'd know none of
this,
But rest in everlasting Peace of Mind,
And find the Height of all their Heaven in God-
ness.*

R O W E

GUILT is a *Fiend*, that, seizing the Conscience, becomes a Tyrant over every Idea of Man. Remorse is his Companion, and Suspicion and Fear constantly pursue his Steps. *Disquietude* engrosses every Thought, and even his sleeping Imagination is fill'd with Dread and Horror.—Our poor Hero is now an Object of the greatest Compassion.—He knew not whom to trust, where to fly for Safety, or how to live; and he had now discover'd that he was very unfit to die.—He got to his Lodging, and, telling the Barber that he was engaged to a Gentleman at *Hampstead*, he paid a Week's Rent, call'd a Coach, and drove, with his Effects, to an Inn in *Southwark*.

Not secure in so publick a Place, he found out a poor Widow-Woman in a neighbouring Village, with whom he agreed for Diet and Lodging. Here he was safe and quiet, had his anxious Thoughts

permitted

permitted him any Repose. A Fortnight pass'd, and he paid the poor Woman very punctually. She began to conceive a very great Opinion of Mr. Conyers, as his whole Deportment was regular and decent. His Mind now grew somewhat more calm, and his Sleep was less disturb'd, for he most sincerely repented of his Folly and Wickedness, and with great Fervency and Devotion, confess'd his manifold Transgressions, and humbly pray'd for Mercy and Forgiveness.

His Purse was extremely low. He had Thoughts of applying to some People he knew, but durst not venture to *London*; and his Landlady was so poor, she could not afford to give him Credit. He frequently wept most bitterly, and bewail'd his wretched Condition. The Agitation of his Mind, affected his Health, and threw him into a dangerous Fever. The poor Woman was extremely tender and careful of him, but his *Soul* wanting as salutary Remedies as his *Body*, he begg'd that a Clergyman might be sent for; and *Doctor St. Amour*, Minister of the Parish, attended on the first Notice. This Gentleman was one of those who reproach many of his Profession, for he was *pious* without *piety*, and *charitable* without *charity*. Jack, so extremely weak, politely thank'd the Doctor for his Condescension in visiting so poor, so wretched, so miserable a Being.—The good Man, with an easy Countenance, reply'd—'If your Situation, Sir, is so bad, I think you require, and have a natural Right to my more immediate and particular Attention.'

THE Doctor pray'd by him in the true Spirit of devotion. His Exhortations were so fill'd with Christian Eloquence, as warm'd and cheer'd the heart of Conyers, and insensibly lighten'd his Burdens.—The Fever still continued, and the Doctor never

never fail'd his Morning and Evening Visits.—*Jack* was so charm'd, that he open'd his whole Soul to this good Man, and hid not the minutest Part of all his Affairs since his Return from *France*.—The Gentleman flatter'd not his *Sins*, neither did he attempt to affright him with the dismal Prospect of endless *Misery*. He skilfully probed and cleansed his *Wounds*, and then pour'd in the Balsam of *Peace*, *Comfort*, and Hopes of Pardon by *Repentance*, and a Newness of Life.—Had Mr. *Dryden* been acquainted with one *Man* of Dr. *St. Amour's* Character, I apprehend he would not have said, that *Religion* and *Roguery* go together.

IN one of these Conversations, *Jack* took an Opportunity of mentioning the Promise he made to Mr. *Kindly* when he gave him the small Box, as spoken of in a former Chapter.—‘I am now, Sir,’ said he, so poor, so indigent, that I think I may safely open the Present; but I am so feeble, that I must beg your Assistance.’—The Doctor found the Box in the Trunk, and open'd it by the Bed-side.—He pull'd out a Quantity of Straw and some Cotton, and, at last, a Sheet of Paper, which he read, and contained these Words.

My Dear *Jack*,

Bounty-Hall, 1732

“ IF you have kept your Promise with regard to
 “ this Box, you must certainly be miserable when
 “ you read this. I have a sincere and most affectionate
 “ Regard for you, and weep at the Situation
 “ I must suppose you are in.
 “ Should the Will of the Almighty afflict you with
 “ Sickness or Misfortunes, patiently resign yourself
 “ into his Hands, who alone knows your Needs
 “ fits, and who suffers not a Sparrow to fall
 “ the Ground without his Orders.—Wait his good
 Time

Time without repining, and firmly rely on his Bounty.

"But, should your Calamities spring from Wick-
edness, Folly, and Extravagance, Oh my Child!
turn to the Father of Mercies, and with a pure
and upright Heart, confess your Crimes,—repent
of your Faults,—read his Word,—and practise
His Divine Precept.—You will then know the
Blessing of Righteousness,—the Joys of Virtue, and
the real Felicity of conscious Innocence.—But, be
not good only for a Time.—Beware of relapsing
into mistaken Pleasures.—Ruin and Reprobacy will
follow, and Soul and Body be at Stake.

"Oh Jack!—If your Heart be not harden'd in
Iniquity:—If any Spark remains of a virtuous
Education:—If gratitude be not dead in your
Breast, think, e're it is too late.—Think on
your own Happiness, and think on your assured
Friend,

JOHN KINDLY.

Postscript.

Under this Paper, you will find a Proof of my
Love.

As the Doctor read, Jack wept. The good
Man could not avoid sympathizing, and with stream-
ing Eyes, pursu'd the Directions of the Postscript;
but, when he open'd a Paper nicely roll'd, and
saw Twenty Guineas on the Table, poor Jack
attempted to speak, but his Tongue faltering, he
sainted on his Pillow. With some Difficulty he
recover'd, and a violent Fit of Crying ensu'd.—
Yes, cry'd he, I will obey my Father, my Friend,
and my Guardian Angel! Oh Sir! What has not
this most worthy Man done for me!—He Saved
me when an Infant, and Preserves me when a
Man

' *Man.*—Good God! Can I be ungrateful to his
 ' Hopes?—Can I disregard his charitable Instruc-
 ' tions?—No! If Heaven prolongs my Days, they
 ' shall be employ'd in *Virtue* and *Honour*.—Your
 ' Resolution, said *Dr. St. Amour*, is truly just,
 ' and I pray God to keep you firm in it, but this
 ' present Mark of his Bounty, is not the only one
 ' you have lately received.—His Providence has
 ' preserved you from the shameful, infamous
 ' *Death* that your *Hounslow* Companions suffer'd
 ' last Week. I have enquir'd particularly into that
 ' Affair, and find you have nothing to dread. A
 ' third Person was indeed, spoken of at the Tryal,
 ' but the Name of *Constant* or *Conyers* was never
 ' mention'd. Let this suffice to ease your Mind.
 ' —Follow *Mr. Kindly's* Advice, and be happy!

WHEN alone, he shudder'd and wept at the
 Fate of *Smart* and *Brazen*. He reflected on the
 dreadful Consequences of lawless Pursuits. He
 traced back his own Life and wicked Conduct, and
 found, that *one Vice* generates another; that as
 they grow in Strength; they corrupt the Heart by
 Degrees, until the *whole Man* is swallow'd up in
 Debauchery, and his Name and *Nature* eras'd out
 of the Volume of the World.—' How fatal, con-
 ' tinued he, is the Beginning of Evil! and who
 ' can foresee the End?—We go on from Step to
 ' Step regardless of Danger. *We walk on Fire* cov-
 ' er'd with *Ashes*. No Thought, no Prudence
 ' guides. We dream of *Pleasure* and *Delight*
 ' but, too often, awake in the Gulph of *Sorrow*
 ' and *Perdition*!—How few, like me, have prov'd
 ' an almost miraculous Escape, and what Thanks
 ' what *Gratitude* do I not owe for my Deliverance!
 ' —His Reflections were very just and moving,
 and he promis'd to himself an entire Change of
 Conduct.

His Spirits began to revive, and in a few Days the Fever left him. He thank'd the Apothecary, and desir'd his Bill, but the good *Doctor St. Amour* had been before-hand with him. So generous was this Gentleman, that he would not permit him to mention that, or any other Obligation he lay under. -- 'All I now want, said the *Doctor*, is to see you quite recovered, and then we shall think of somewhat for your Service.' --- In a Week he was perfectly well, tho' a little pale, and when neatly dress'd, the *Doctor* was surpris'd at his comely Appearance. --- At last he propos'd an Employment to Jack, which, he said, he knew he could discharge extremely well. --- *Sir John Curious, continued he*, wants a young Man, like you, to read to him, and keep his private Accounts. I have satisfied him as to your Abilities, and he is willing to give you *Thirty Pounds* a Year. He is very Old, Rich and Gouty, and sometimes Peevish, but a Man must bear with the Infirmities of Superiors.' He then proceeded in a very useful Lecture on a moral and political Conduct. --- *Conyers* return'd him many Acknowledgments, and in two Days he took a grateful Adieu of the good Widow, and went to *London* with the Family of *Sir John Curious*.

C H A P. VII.

You cannot Love, nor Pleasure take or give ;
 At Life begin, when 'tis too late to live :
 In a tir'd Courser you pursue Delight ;
 At slip your Morning, and set out at Night.

DRYDEN.

NEVER Man began an Employment with more Pleasure. He seem'd as if return'd again into Life, and was determin'd to spare no Pains in

in enjoying it.—His first Care was a particular Attention to his Duty, and his next was to find out the Family OEconomy, that he might adapt himself to their different Tempers.

SIR JOHN CURIOUS was Sixty-seven Years of Age, very Corpulent, and extreamly infirm. When his Gout was not violent, he din'd with his Company, and was very Chearful. From Seven to Nine at Night, *Jack* read to him; at Ten he went to Bed, but never rose till about Eleven next Morning. Two Servants attended him, and about One o'Clock, all his Flannels were remov'd, and in an old embroider'd Coat and great Wig, he sat in his Arm-Chair, and *Jack* did the Duty of his Office till Three o'Clock.—He did SIR ROBERT WALPOLE the Honour of being his Enemy, and look'd on the *Craftsman*, equal, if not superior, to *His Writ*, consequently these Papers were every Moment quoted. In his Choice of Books he had great Judgment, and to shew it fully, he delighted in the Works of TAYLOR the *Water Poet*; in an old and only Translation of DUBARTUS; in huge Fossils of *Heraldry*; and when inclin'd to Sleep, in the Modern Pamphlets and Weekly Papers.

His House-Steward had a good Salary, and a certain Quarterly Sum for providing all Things for the Family. This Sum was accounted for, but could not be exceeded. To examine, and check these Accounts, was Part of *Jack's* Duty.

SIR JOHN had always maintain'd the Character of *A fine Gentleman*. His Dress was gay, and his Manner such, that supported the Dignity he assum'd. It was a Question, whether *Pride* or *Avarice* had the Superiority in his Constitution, but it was certain, they frequently acted in Concert. *Pride* obliged him to a Punctuality in paying his Debts, but *Avarice* prevented his going a Step beyond it. *Pride* made him extreamly *Courteous*, *Complaisant*

and *Ceremonious*, because he lov'd to be so treated himself, but *Avarice* stopp'd his Ears against the Cries of the *Poor*, expell'd every Sentiment of Charity and Benevolence, and contracted and abridg'd some of his *Vices*, even when he had the Power of being *Vicious*. In a Word, *Sir John* had a *Negative Character*, and acquir'd the Title of a *good sort of Man*; that is, his *Vices* were not *many*, but he had not a *single Virtue*.

He had seen enough of *one* Part of the World to convince him that there was no such Thing as a *perfect Woman*. This happy Imagination kept him a Bachelor, till, at the Age of Sixty three, *Love*, or some other *Monosyllable*, stumbled into his Head. The Charms of *Miss Bridoon*, his Sadler's daughter, made him so generous as to propose a Marriage, and relinquish a Fortune. Whilst this Treaty was on Foot, his Relations interpos'd, and some of his most intimate Friends spoke pretty freely about it. They said, 'It was highly prudent in him to marry, but begg'd he would consider his Age and the Infirmities growing on him. That a Girl of *Eighteen* was quite out of the Rule of Proportion. That a *Mechanick's* Daughter was unworthy his *Rank* and Fortune, and an *Indignity* to his Family. That no one could answer for the Conduct of a young Girl, especially one of low Education, and begg'd him to turn his Eyes on some Lady, whose *Years* would Guarantee her Virtue, and make him happy in a faithful Companion.

'Oons, cry'd the *Knight*, what the Plague would you be at? I tell you, my Age is no Impediment, for I find myself as vigorous as at Twenty. If Children, *not my own*, inherit my Name and *Estate*, is it not the Practice of every Day? Is it not much better than the Heathen Scheme of Adoption? --The Honour of my Family,

'mily, which my *virtuous Sister* makes such a Noise about, is a Farce, and I suppose she thought so, when she ran away with my Father's Footman. Does she imagine that the Son of such a Scoundrel shall enjoy my Fortune?---Then as to a *virtuous Wife*, I know the World too well to expect such a one, but I likewise know, that I had rather have a *Part* in a *young Wench*, than the *Whole* of any *old Woman* breathing.'---In short, Sir John was Resolute, or rather, Positive. *Miss Bridoon* was advanc'd to his Bed, and *Consummation est rang through the Parish*.

LADY CURIOUS was extremely pretty. Her Eyes spoke, and her great Vivacity and Sprightliness had attractive Qualities.-----An House magnificently furnish'd.-----A Number of Servants with Coach, Chariot, &c. were so infinitely beyond her Hopes, that her little Head began to turn. Her Constitution and Soil were so good, that the Seeds of Example grew up surprisingly fast, and afforded a plentiful Crop of the most fashionable Pollies. In a short Time, she had contracted a Variety of Acquaintances, and vastly improv'd in modern Politeness.---Plays, Operas and Visits, went a constant Round, and Drums, Routs and Assemblies employ'd her Time at Home and Abroad. She had a passion for Play, and play'd very deep. Here indeed, her low Birth was conspicuous, for, not being educated from her Childhood, like other Ladies of Quality, in the true Principles of Gaming, she made but a small Progress in that Science, and play'd so ill, and lost so much Money, that her charming Company was greatly courted and admir'd.

SIR JOHN was very indifferent about these Matters. He allow'd her Two Hundred Pounds a Year as Pin-money, but was so rigid and exact, that no Art, nor all her *Ladyship's* Contrivances, could extract a Shilling more.---Coneyrs knew of large

sums lost at Cards, and was surpris'd how her Ladyship could answer so many Demands, but at last she discover'd, that her *Play-Purse* was *inexhaustible*.---Notwithstanding the Multitude of Affairs, and the Variety of Employments on her Hands, she found a Time to present to *Sir John* a Brace of *Boys*. Her Ladyship was *Happy*, the old Knight was *Content*, and Family Affairs went on with great Harmony.

In about three Months *Conyers* pick'd out this information from the Steward, and Mrs. *Sieve*, her Ladyship's Woman. This last threw in some *Jeds*, *Winks* and *Innuendoes*, but the Honour of her Lady was always Sacred. Mrs. *Sieve* conceiv'd a good Opinion of *Jack*, and on many Occasions gave him Proof of her Esteem.---He had felt the fatal Effects of such Friendship, and was determin'd to avoid every Temptation.---He shunn'd her Presence as much as possible, and even slighted her Favours.---His Conduct was such an Affront to her *Pride* and *Beauty*, that she shifted Sides, and became an implacable Enemy.

THIS kind Creature had laid many Schemes to possess her Lady against *Jack*. She insinuated that his Impudence had not only dar'd to make Attempts on her *Virtue*, but had even mutter'd Reflections on her Ladyship.---Fired at his Insolence, her Lady determin'd to have him immediately kick'd out, but the artful *Sieve* begg'd of her Ladyship not to disparage herself so much as to speak of such an Affair, but to *worm the Fellow out by Degrees*.

THE Resolution being taken, my Lady never cess'd teizing *Sir John*, till he grew peevish.---Mrs. *Sieve* affronted *Jack* openly, and the Steward treated him with great Impertinence. *Conyers* found a very visible Change in the Countenances of the whole Family, and was made very uneasy in his situation, but knew not what to ascribe it to.---One

L

Evening,

Evening, *Sir John* us'd him a little harshly, but the Humility of *Jack* spoke much in his Favour and oblig'd the *Knight*, with some good Humour to ask him, *What he had done to my Lady and her Woman ?*--- I protest, Sir, said *Jack*, I have done nothing.---*Nothing !* cry'd *Sir John*, Nay then I know your Crime ; you can never be forgiven. --- Oons ! a Handsome Fellow of your Age and such a Family as this, and do Nothing !--- The *Knight* art a silly Blockhead, and I am sorry for it, but *Travel* you must ; however, I'm determin'd you shall stay till I get you another *Service*, and have one in your Place.' i

JACK had been so accusom'd to Disappointments, that he bore this with great Temper and Resignation. He inform'd his Friend *Dr. St. Amour* of this Revolution, and told him what was the Occasion of it, which he had learn'd from the House Maid. The good Man lifted up his Eyes, begg'd of him to have Patience, and promis'd to look out for a more agreeable Employment.

SOME Days after, *Conyers* was busy with *Sir John* when Mr. *Sampson* enter'd. The *Knight* bore a great Regard for this Gentleman, and was extremely Civil to him.---*Well, Friend Sampson,* said he, Time was, when we us'd to meet often, but this plaguy Gout makes me perform a tedious Quarentine you see.--- Ah *Sir John*, reply'd Mr. *Sampson*, you are at Anchor in a safe Harbour, but I have all your Ailments, and am besetted about in stormy Winds.--- Not so, answer'd the *Knight*, I hope my old Friendship and Acquaintance is in no Danger of Shipwreck.--- No Misfortunes I hope.--- None, said Mr. *Sampson*, but what my Temper can bear.--- I have lost my only Child, just such a Youth as that, (pointing to *Jack*.) I have lost the best Part of my Substance by the War, and I have found

old Age and Infirmities.—But, is it not just, I should resign with Patience what I enjoy'd and held but at the Will of the Donor ?'

'MR. SAMPSON, said *Sir John*, you were always a Philosopher, but I am really concern'd at your Misfortunes. Perhaps some Money, at this Time, may have its Use, and I wish it was in my Power to assist you, but, really my Family is so Expensive, that I am quite Poor at present. I wish I had seen you last Week, for, 'tis but two Days ago since I parted with all my ready Money on a Mortgage.---Truly I am angry at your not acquainting me with your Distresses---Indeed I am --- and you know the Pleasure I take in assisting my worthy Friends.'---' You are extreamly good, reply'd Mr. Sampson, but, thank God, I am in no Want. When my *Debts* are collected, which are very numerous, I shall have more than sufficient to maintain my dear Wife and I, in a comfortable Manner. Indeed I am ill able to attend my Friends, and much want an honest *young Fellow* to assist me.---' I believe, said *Sir John*, I am pretty deep in your Books.---The last Christmas consum'd a deal of Wine ; but if you have the Bill, I shall see and discharge it.'---Mr. Sampson thank'd the *Knight*, and receiv'd One hundred and Forty Pounds, for which *Jack* drew a Receipt and him to sign.---' I protest, Sir, said the Merchant, your young Man writes a charming Hand, and I dare say understands Accounts.'---' That he does, answer'd *Sir John*, and extreamly well. He is honest, sober, and diligent, and I heartily wish you had his Equal. What will you give me, Mr. Sampson, if I assign him over to you, provided he consents ?---' I shall give you, answer'd the other, my sincere Thanks, and the young Man the best of Usage in my Power.'---' In two Words, reply'd the *Knight*, I know of no Fault

‘ he has, but being *too virtuous* and *modest* for my
 ‘ good Family. My Lady’s Maid has set my
 ‘ Lady against him. I know their Tricks, but
 ‘ don’t mind them ’

SOME Questions pass’d, and in less than half an
 Hour the Affair was concluded on. — Jack re-
 ceived Fifteen Pounds for six Months Wages, and
 wishing Sir John all Happiness, once more shifted
 his Station.

C H A P. VIII.

*A genealogical Table, true or false, of illustrious An-
 cestors : a large Estate : a numerous Equipage
 and considerable Employments, are what we ge-
 nerally call Noble. But Virtue judges in a dif-
 ferent Manner. She takes the Great from amidst
 the Grandeur which surrounds him : Undresses
 him of the Vanity that disguises him, and rates
 the Value of the Man by the Man himself. Un-
 der the Appearance of Nobility she may find
 a Fool, a Villain, or a Coward ; and in a Pe-
 rian Obscurity discover real Greatness and Pro-
 bity of Manners. As right Reason is of all Con-
 tries, the Wise in all Ages have spoken on the
 Subject in one uniform, constant Manner.*

SANADON’S Note on 6th S.
 1st B. of Horace.

OUR Hero is now brought to that Time of Life
 when Sense and Judgment are to be expected
 or never. — He has been happy. — He has been
 in Trouble. — He has been (for him) rich. — He
 has been poor, and in the utmost Affliction. — These
 the Pages of the Book of Nature, and those who
 read them not carefully, must have very imperfect
 Ideas of the System of the Universe.

He was once more happy. — He had a Pleasure

from the Countenance of Mr. *Sampson*, which was open and free, with every Indication of an honest and tender Heart. Mrs. *Sampson* could not refrain a few Tears at the Sight of *Conyers*, for it happen'd that he much resembled her deceased son. She view'd him with Pleasure, but it was mix'd with Anxiety. She regarded him as a *Child*, and he respected her as a *Parent*.

IN his Employment he was extremely assiduous and careful, and went on very successfully in collecting Mr. *Sampson*'s Debts, and settling his Accounts. The good Man was happy, for *Conyers*, as much as possible, made all Things easy to him. In a short Time he acquir'd their Favour and Confidence, and was perfectly familiar.—The Boy, the very young Man was quite over. His Thoughts were serious, but he acted with Vigour. His Deportment was decent, and his Conversation chearful and agreeable. His Duty was his Pleasure, and the Love and Respect of the Family was his Reward, which they could not avoid shewing before all their Friends.

MRS. *Sampson* and her Sister had been Co-heiresses, and had each an Estate in *****, of about Five hundred Pounds a Year. The Sister had been married to Mr. *Gold*, a Turkey Merchant, who died about four Years since, and added Fifteen thousand Pounds to her Fortune. Mrs. *Gold* was near Thirty-seven Years of Age, of a noble Presence, with great good Nature and Prudence. She continued a Widow in Spite of many Sollicitations and so affectionately lov'd her Sister, that she removed her Habitation to be nearer to her. When Mr. *Sampson* was in distress with his Creditors, Mrs. *Gold* advanc'd him Six Thousand Pounds on his and her Sister's Security.

THE Sisters were almost constantly with each other,

other, and *Conyers* was always of the Party.—*Mrs. Gold* had read, and an excellent Understanding.—*Mrs. Sampson* was a chearful and agreeable Companion.—Her Husband had solid Sense, and great good Humour; and *Conyers* enliven'd the Conversation by a thousand pleasant Circumstances, but with such natural Elegance and Beauty, that greatly pleas'd and improv'd and diverted.

SOMETIMES their Entertainment was of a serious Nature, and fell on the Follies of the World.—The mad *Extravagance* of some, and the, equally mad, *Penury* of others.—On *Justice*, *Virtue*, *Charity*, and the like.—*Mrs. Gold* spoke on these Heads with great Strength of Reason, and *Mr. Conyers* enforced her Arguments by sundry historical Passages, and by Accidents to which he had been Witness.—He was a Master of the Subject, and, at different Times, went through the *Moral* and *Social Duties*, with such Spirit and Force, that they were charm'd with his Knowledge, and edified by his Words.

'HAPPY would it be, said *Mrs. Gold*, if all Mankind thought like *Mr. Conyers*.'—And still more so, reply'd her Sister, if they acted like him, for I verily believe he practises his own Doctrine.—Madam, answer'd *Conyers*, I am extremely happy in your good Opinion; but permit me to say, tho' I endeavour, and I hope, to do my Duty as I ought, yet I have greatly err'd. I have been idle; I have been extravagant, and I speak it to my Shame, I have been vicious; but the Goodness of this Family strengthens my Resolution, and confirms me in my honest Purpose of Amendment.—If, reply'd *Mrs. Gold*, you have been criminal, your Confession and Repentance encreases your Worth.—Who has not been criminal? said *Mr. Sampson*.—To commit a Fault is bad, but to persevere is infamous.

For ought I know, *Vice* has its Use, as it sets off and hightens the Beauties of *Virtue* to such a Degree that, *Common Sense*, and even *Ignorance* must be charm'd with it.'—— 'Mr. Conyers, said Mrs. Gold, has one *Virtue* which I wish was a little more general. Tho' he has been so good, agreeably to entertain us with *Persons* and *Things*, yet has he never dropp'd an harsh Expression against *Particulars*, nor has he given *Matters* an ill natur'd Construction.'

'SCANDAL, Madam, said Conyers, let it inhabit where it will, is a mean and vulgar *Vice*. It is a poor and vile Attempt to raise our own Reputation on the Ruins of another. When some condemn the Actions of a Man, and paint his Conduct in odious Colours, do they not at the same Time modestly intimate, that *They are incapable of such Errors*?——Pride speaks; not their Pity.—To compassionate the *Frailties* and *Weaknesses* of a Man, is the Duty of a Man.—It is his Office to set him Right by *Tenderness* and *Humanity*, and not by *Reproach* and *Slander* to lead him more astray. Should he continue in his Folly, the wisest Maxim is, to commiserate his Infirmities, and avoid an Imitation.'

SOME Evenings they pass'd their Time at Cards, and sometimes the Ladies went to a Play, attended by Conyers. This gave Rise to a Variety of pleasant Chat, where Jack shew'd his Memory and good Taste, but it was a considerable Time before they discover'd he had an excellent Voice. Mrs. Gold was fond of Musick, and he humming a favourite Air,——'Bless me, said she, I protest you have it quite perfect,——we must insist on your Singing it out.'——He made a few Apologies but obey'd.—This was what the Family did not expect, and encreased their Surprize and pleasure.—By degrees he shew'd his Skill in the

French Language,—that he was no Stranger to *Latin and Greek*, and that he understood *Dancing Fencing and Horsemanship*. In a Word, he shew'd them what a Gentleman *ought* to be.

THE Behaviour of *Conyers* puzzled Mrs. Gold—She could not conceive how a Man in his Station could acquire so many *genteel Accomplishments*.—She thought there was a Mystery in it, and when she had just determin'd to find it out,—‘*Lord*—bless me, *said she*, why should I trouble myself about what is not my Concern?’—At that Instant, she felt a prodigious Flushing in her Face and some Sensations she had not been lately accustomed to. She began to suspect the Cause and with great Caution, sat down to examine her Heart, and reason with herself,—that is—to find out Reasons to correspond with her Inclinations.—The Truth is, she discover'd so many, that *Interest* and the *Pride of Family*, were fairly routed, and *Prudence* and *Esteem* got the better. She would not call it *Love*, as she thought it a too sensual Term for one of her Years. She own'd she regarded the *Virtues* and *Qualifications* of Mr. *Conyers* but the *Comeliness* of his *Person* was merely accidental, and quite out of the Question.—However, That Contingent and his *Youth* had certainly some Weight.

BE this as it will, her Resolution was taken, but determin'd not to proceed too rashly. On a certain Day, when she knew her Sister would not stir out, she wrote her a Card, and begg'd Mr. *Conyers* might be sent to take Care of her to the Place where she was engag'd with some Company.—*Jack* dress'd himself properly, and waited on Mr. *Gold*. He had no Schemes in View, so his Actions were Free, and without Reserve. He had a great Regard for the Widow, which made him fond of every Opportunity of obliging her. Perhaps

had observ'd this, and gave it a flattering Construc-
tion.—He found her most neatly dress'd, and,
for the first Time, particularly remark'd her
Charms.

' I AM quite asham'd, *said she*, to give Mr.
Conyers so much Trouble for nothing. Our
Party is broke rather than miss the *Conscious*
Lovers, I was determin'd to beg your Company
alone, had not Mrs. *Talkative* and her *Daughter*
sent Word they'd drink Tea with me.'——

Conyers said, he was sorry she was disappointed,
but rejoiced at every Occasion that could shew his
Readiness in obeying her commands.—A few
Words pass'd, and he attempted to take his Leave,
which she would not permit.—' After all, *said she*,
we can be as well at Home, and my Brother
will not expect you till after the Play.'—A Con-
versation then began on the Comedy, and many
Remarks were made on the odd Situation of *Indi-*
ana, and the Noble Constancy of *Bevil*. A loud
Knock at the Door spoke the Arrival of Mrs. and
Miss *Talkative*, and stopp'd their Proceedings.

A NEW Field now open'd.—In a short Time
all the Tittle-tattle of the Parish was display'd.—
Lord, Mrs. *Gold*, you surprise me.—Not hear of
this before!—Not I indeed Madam.—Dear Ma-
dam, I purtest I've forgot most of the Particklers;
for the Story is four Days old.—Very strange in-
deed!—Why my Dear they were actually caught,
at Matrimony Salves all.—This Sort of rational
entertainment lasted till Tea was produc'd, which
little eas'd the Thoughts of *Conyers*. He seem'd
to bend his Eyes and Regard on Miss *Talkative*,
who was very pretty, and had began a Sort of Con-
versation. Mrs. *Gold* observ'd it; which added
not to her Repose. She was so absent, that her
Tea-Cup slip'd from her Hand, and broke to Pieces,

which broke off their Chat. Tea finish'd, she put on a grave Air, and the Ladies put on their *Capuchins*, to compleat their Evening Visits.

CONYERS, unwittingly, had like to have spoil'd all, but Mrs. Gold's hinting— ' *One must be civil to such sort of People*—gave him an Opportunity of saying, He wonder'd of what Use they were in the World. ' The Daughter, *said he*, is pretty, but the eternal Clatter of her little Tongue will give some poor Man a great deal of Vexation.— ' And yet, *said Mrs. Gold*, her Fortune will get her a Husband.— You Men are all alike, and I dare say, you would snap at her in an Instant, if you could.— ' I shall not, *said Jack*, affirm or deny a Thing I have not thought about, for I neither know the Lady or her Fortune; but really, Madam, I think I ought to have been exempted in your general Censure.— Were I capable of marrying merely for Money, the Situation I am in, and my Poverty, would excuse me to the World, but who would excuse me to my Conscience? Who could give me Joy of an Equipage, when compell'd to take *Pride, Affectation, Folly, and Nonsense* to my Arms? I may be ambitious, but I assure you, Madam, poor as I am, I have not the least *Ambition* of being miserable.

MRS GOLD was not displeas'd at his Sentiments, and the Conversation turn'd on more diverting Subjects, tho' she, at last, very dextrously contriv'd to bring *Matrimony*, once more on the Carpet.— ' I own my Surprise, *said she*, that a young Man of your Understanding, has not found out one Woman capable of making you happy and easy. ' Such there are, but you are either too indolent or indifferent, or else your Heart is engag'd to some distant Fair One.— Come, Mr. Conyers, be sincere, and indulge a Curiosity our Sex is sub-

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 251

ject to, and recite your Adventures, for I am apt to believe they must be somewhat extraordinary.'
—— 'In truth, Madam, *said Conyers*, they are not worth your Notice; but since you command, it is my Duty to obey.'

He then began a Narrative of his Life, and painted his Sufferings in a very moving Manner. He artfully avoided the Place of his Birth or the least Hint of *Ireland*, as it might occasion Scandal. He carried her to the Weaver's in *Spittle Fields*; conducted her to *France*, and brought her back to *London*. His *Amours* were very delicately handled, but his *Hounslow Expedition* was quite expung'd. He dwelt long on Mr. *Kindly's* Instructions and Letter, and the Misery he was in, in *Surry*. His *History* was long, and sometimes so affecting, that Mrs. *Gold* was oblig'd to make frequent Use of her Handkerchief.—*She pity'd him because he was unfortunate, and he began to love her, because he saw she pity'd him.*——When he had ended, a profound Silence ensu'd.

'SINCE, *said she*, at last, your Heart is free, perhaps I may assist in setting your Mind at Ease.
——I think I know a Lady who has *Power*, and Inclination equal to it. Will you give me Leave to try my Skill?——Permit me, Madam, *said Jack*, to return my most humble Acknowledgments for your Goodness, but as you have required my Sincerity, I shall still continue it, and with that honest Freedom, your good Sense will excuse.—I have no Objections, Madam, to *Matrimony*, and have a certain *Constancy* in my Nature, that might make me a good Husband; but I cannot answer for my Temper, if I did not most affectionately, love my Wife. To have that Love, I must know her, I must converse with her, I must first admire her Virtues and
‘esteem

‘ *esteem* her Understanding. This, Madam, is not the Work of a Week, or a Month; and to marry otherwise, there is a Possibility of being *happy*, but the Chances are infinitely against me. True, I may be made *rich*, but an hundred to one I may be made *wretched*.’

‘ YOUR Reasons, *said Mrs. Gold*, are very just yet I believe you will allow there are some Exceptions, neither do I want any personal Compliment when I ask you, if a Woman of *Fortune* and every-way *like me*, could please you?— Madam,—— *said Jack*,——I——I——really know not how or what to answer.’——She saw him confused, and added,—— ‘ I shall make it plainer.—Suppose for Argument-Sake, I should have such a Notion in my Head,——Do you think you could truly and sincerely regard me?’— Regard you, Madam, *reply’d Conyers*,—— ‘ Yes on my Soul, I should for ever *regard*, *love* and *adore* you! ——But, dear Madam, why do you take Pleasure in tormenting so poor an Animal? ——Why do you question me like a Prisoner on the Rack, and make me confess, what my Safety obliges me to hide? —— ‘ But I have done, and can scarcely hope your Pardon, for what I’ve already said.—’ Mr. *Conyers*, *said she*, with a *bashful Air*, I not only pardon, but shall endeavour to mitigate your Anxieties.—— I have seen and examin’d your conduct; I have view’d your Actions; I have read your Heart, and, I think, I have discover’d in you a Soul incapable of *Meanness* or *Falshood*.——Tho’ you have no Fortune, I have often thought you deserv’d one. ——I speak to your *Understanding*, and am not afraid of being censured by it.—Let the *lucrative World* run after Wealth.—It has pleas’d Heaven to indulge me with enough to make two *rational Creatures happy*.—Should you be of the same

‘ Opinion,

Opinion, the little Share I can give, is freely at your Service.'

SHE hung down her Head, and impatiently waited a Reply.——*Conyers* gaz'd,——his Eyes were fix'd, and his Mouth could only seem to speak.——At length, he rose up, and throwing aside all Consideration, embrac'd Mrs. *Gold* in so tender, so ardent a Manner, that convinc'd her of his Sincerity, beyond the Utterance of a thousand Words, and plain Speeches.——' Confess, said she, that I have acted like a Woman of *Courage*, by making the first Attack ; I wish my *Prudence* be not more suspected.'--' Tho,' said *Conyers*, the World will talk, yet believe me, I shall give them such a Subject, that our *Love* and *Harmony* shall be rather envy'd than imitated.——Give me Leave to call you my *dearest Life*, and to assure you, without Vanity, that you entirely possess an Heart free from *Flattery*, *Art* or *Deceit*.——Oh ! make me once more happy, and say you will be mine.'——*Mr. Conyers* said she, there is my Hand---my Heart you have already.——But no more.——You have my Promise, and rely on it.'——' Dear Madam said *Conyers*, let me not seem too impatient, by asking, When?'——' Be satisfied, said she, it shall not be long, for I hope soon to bring my Brother and Sister into my Scheme ; but I beg your Silence till then.'

CONYERS promis'd to be directed by her ; and after being serv'd, a different Conversation began. However it was once more renew'd, and many tender and affectionate Expressions, the Eloquence of disguis'd Passion, were mutually given and received, till *Time*, with hasty Steps approach'd the hour of Twelve.——With some Difficulty they parted.——He soon retir'd to *Bed*, but not Rest, for Mrs. *Gold* had murder'd Sleep.

'TWOULD

'TWOULD be tedious to mention the Method she took to open this Affair to her Sister.—She was her own Mistress, but still wanted a Sanction. No doubt the Reader will imagine the Surprize of the Family, and he must likewise imagine the many Arguments on both Sides, before Mrs. Sampson, and her Husband, consented, which at last they did.—The Truth is, Mrs. Gold, like most of the World *ask'd Advice*, but was determin'd to follow *her own*—There was no Necessity for a Settlement, but a small Writing was drawn in Favour of Children, on Failure of which, the *longest Liver* took all, except *Five thousand Pounds*, which each had a Power to bequeath by Will.

THUS all Matters being adjusted, the Day was fix'd, and *Doctor St. Amour* acquainted with it, who provided a proper Place at *Putney*, where he met the Company. The good Man loaded *Jack* with Caresses and Compliments, and felicitated Mrs. Gold on her happy Choice.—'I must, Madam,' *said he*, admire, and shall for ever admire your Judgment and Understanding, that could discover *Virtue* and *Honour* under the Cloud of *Poverty*, 'dispel the *Mist*, and take it to your Arms.'—He made a very pathetick Discourse, but his Conclusion was infinitely pleasing to Mr. Conyers, and perhaps, not less so to Mrs. Gold, for he join'd their Hands, and, ending *his Part* of the Ceremony, bless'd the *Happy Pair*, and left them to finish the *Remainder*.

C H A

C H A P. IX.

*Grant me the Social Joys of Life
In easy Converse, free from Strife;
Not wrangling for an empty Name,
But raising Virtue into Fame.
Not, with vile Breath, abuse the Great,
And prate, because I dare to prate;
But, hear Instruction, or to give,
And Learn, or Teach, each Day I live.*

ANONIMOUS.

THE Generality of the World regard the Actions of Men, but according to the Event. A prosperous Villain may be internally despised, tho' his Wealth and Grandeur will be outwardly admir'd, and even envy'd.—Praise is sacrificed to poor and indigent Virtue, but every other Reward is too frequently neglected. The Wise Man of Old tells us, that Time and Chance happeneth unto all Men.—When Misfortunes and Calamities attack us, the World is so good to pity, but at the same Time, to impute the Unhappiness to a Want of proper Conduct, and to a Multitude of Errors.—When Affluence pours in, and Plenty surrounds us, they admire the Judgment, and applaud the Understanding.—Thus, the Wretched and Miserable tax Providence with Partiality, but the Happy and Successful, attribute all to their own Prudence and superior Merit.

OUR Friend Mr. Conyers could not avoid some new Compliments to his Person and Abilities, as they were the Motives of his Advancement; but when he reflected on the Goodness of his Wife in noticing and rewarding them so amply, he discovered, that they proceeded from a superior Cause, which, as it reach'd above his Comprehension, he could

could only wonder at, and, by *praising* the *Given* make Returns of *Love* and *Gratitude* to the *Instrument*.—By reasoning thus, and lowering his own Value as much as he heighten'd the Goodness of *Providence*, his Mind became more calm, and his Heart less liable to *Vanity*. He was not too elated or puff'd up; for, by regarding his *Wife* more than her Fortune, the World was compell'd to believe he deserv'd both.—Never was Woman more happy than Mrs. *Conyers*, and never could a Husband take more Pains to oblige a Wife.—*ENVY* saw this, but hid her Head.—*MALICE*, with squinting Eye and gibeing Tongue, look'd and spoke in *vain*.—*JEALOUSY* and vile *INSINUATION* found their *Arrows* blunted, or sticking in the Shield of *right Understanding*.—The Fabric was so firmly fix'd on *Honour* and *Good Sense*, that the Decay of *Nature* could alone sap the Foundation.

MR. CONYERS still assisted his Brother *Sampson* and having got in most of his Debts, and settled all his Affairs, propos'd, at the Request of his Wife to retire to the Country. They agreed to live in a small Town near their Estate, and having provided every Household Necessary, and a good Collection of Books, they quitted the noisy City, for the *Peace, Tranquillity* and *Joys* of a Rural Life. He now found himself possess'd of above Twelve Hundred Pounds a Year, and, calling to his Memory the Conduct of Lord *Truegood*, resolv'd, as near as possible, to follow the Example of so worthy Nobleman. Like a prudent General, he plann'd out his Operations; he collected his Forces, and assign'd to each Part a just Proportion. His Distribution was exact; but Mrs. *Conyers* chang'd it a little, by making him sensible, that his Scheme had not provided for Sickness, and many other Accidents.

ents they were liable to.—‘ Let us, my Dear, *said* she, live as genteelly as you please ; But where is the absolute Necessity of spending our whole Income? My Advice is, to save at least *Three Hundred Pounds* a Year, to answer Contingencies, and assist a worthy Friend on Occasion, neither do I see how we can well lay out the Remainder.— My Life, *said Jack*, you are quite in the Right; then be it so: It is but striking out these two extraordinary *Horses*, a *Servant*, one *Dish* a Day, something from the *Wine*, and a little from the Allowance for *Cloaths* and pleasurable Expences, and the Affair is just as you desire.’

THE Behaviour of this Family soon acquir’d the Esteem and Respect of the neighbouring Gentlemen and Ladies. Particular Friendships were form’d, and a charming Society enliven’d every Amusement.—Some Gentlemen met twice a Week at the best Inn in the Town, to benefit the House, and keep up a proper Interest, and our friend was soon invited to be of the Number.—It will not be amiss to mention some of this good Company. —

SIR *John Dobson*, and old *Colonel Manly*, were the Principal. The *Knight* had been *Member* for the *County* in three Parliaments, as the *Colonel* had been for the *Town* for almost *Forty Years*. Mr. *Leatherhead*, Mr. *Asb*, *Doctor Grace*, who was Minister of the Parish, and Mr. *Conyers* made six constant Companions.—Our Ladies were happy with Mrs. *Grace* and Family, and with *Miss Lucy Manly*, the Daughter of the *Colonel*, now a most amiable Girl of *Seventeen Years* of Age. Her Wit and Understanding, with her tender and compassionate Heart, made her the Joy of her Friends. No wonder the *Colonel* was extremely fond, for he was the Child of his Age, and his only one.

He

He spoke with Pleasure of the vast Fortune he intended to leave her, and often said, he almost envyy'd the happy Man to whose Lot she fell.

WITH great Care and Attention have I examined the original *Memoirs* of this *History*, but unfortunately found not the least Hint of *Amours*, or, as it is call'd, the *Gallantry* of Mr. *Conyers*, during his Residence in the Country. This must certainly be a tedious Time to a Reader of *Genius*, who expects at every Page a well or ill contriv'd *Intrigue*, or somewhat wonderful or surprising to raise his Imagination, and keep up his Attention. — Tho' I cannot answer these *valuable Ends*, I cannot pass in Silence this Space, as my Materials are large, but must supply the Want of extraordinary Adventures in this seeming State of Inactivity, with the Substance of the most interesting Subjects, that made their Evenings pass *usefully* and *agreeably* away.

IN doing this, I shall stick to my usual Brevity, and trespass as little as possible on the Patience of the Good-natur'd. I shall not summon them to every assembly, but vary the Subject by an *Asterism* (*) and avoid that Sort of *Connection* that might pin me down to *Forms* and *Ceremonies*.

IN our last Argument, said Mr. *Conyers*, Sir *John* gave us a long Dissertation on the *Liberty of the Press*. I think we all agreed to the Usefulness of it in general, and to the Danger of suppressing any Part; yet, I cannot help thinking a little hard, that a Person shall have it in his Power to make a Man *ridiculous*, whenever he pleases to imagine he does Wrong. — What are most of our *Pamphlets* and *News Papers* stuff'd with, but *Encomiums* on those *out of Place*, and scurrilous Reflections on those *in*? — Were we to shift the Scene, Would not the New Ministry be *abused* like the former, and perhaps, by the same Wri-

ters? I do not pretend to be a Politician, but believe, many who do, are just as ignorant as I am.— Every Man who spells, may write *Satyr*, that is, may write *maliciously*, as it requires little or no *Genius*; but to write with *Truth*, *Candour*, and *Impartiality*, to have *Judgment* sufficient to point out *real Errors*, but *Humanity* and Good-nature not to strike at *Persons* and *Characters*, is not given to every Man.

‘ I GRANT you, said *Sir John*, some make an ill Use of Liberty, and leap beyond the Bounds; if they go too far, the Law is open, and to the Law we must leave them. ’Tis very true, said *Mr. Conyers*, but they have found out a Jesuitical Way of evading even the best Law. Here are a Parcel of Pamphlets and News Papers (which he threw on the Table) fill’d with *Initial Letters*, *Dashes*, and *Stars*. Tho’ we clearly see the Insolence and Treason, What Jury, as the Law now stands, can properly condemn the Author or Printer to lose his Ears?’——‘ Well, well, said *Sir John*, no Matter, let them scribble on, provided they do not oblige me to believe all their Impertinence.’——Men of Sense, *Sir John*, answer’d *Conyers*, will always think in that Manner, but how many honest well-meaning Gentlemen suffer themselves to be imposed on, merely for want of due Attention.—Perhaps some must write thus, or starve. In that Case, I sincerely pity them, yet I hope Mankind have not such vitiated Tastes, as to be delighted only with Scandal.—Would a *Writer* fix on a Plan of *Instruction*—Would he inculcate the *Fear of God*, and *Honour to the King*—Would he endeavour to make us better *Parents*, better *Children*, and better *Friends to Society*—Would he employ his *Time* and *Learning* to persuade us to *Unanimity*, and not *Discord* and *Confusion*, Who amongst us—what honest Man, but would *Praise* and Ap-
‘ *plaud*

‘ *plaud* him? But to write from Principles of En-
 ‘ *vy* and *Ill-nature*, and to sow those pestilent Seeds
 ‘ in the Minds of the Unwary, is certainly a Con-
 ‘ duct that even Vice will condemn. To him who
 ‘ writes fluently and well, but with such Intentions,
 ‘ I shall only say what a noble Lord did of the Earl
 ‘ of *Strafford*, *That God had given him Talents*, but
 ‘ *the Devil the Application.*’

‘ WERE it possible, *said the Doctor*, to restrain
 ‘ the *Liberty of the Press* without endangering the
 ‘ *Liberty of the People*, I am convinced we should
 ‘ be much Happier and much more free from
 ‘ *Squabbles* and idle *Disputes*, but the Experiment
 ‘ is of too Tender and Delicate a Nature to wish
 ‘ seeing it attempted, tho’ I verily believe *News*
 ‘ *Writers* and *Pamphleteers*, are the Collectors of
 ‘ the fifth great Tax in the Kingdom.

* * *

‘ ——— WHATEVER the *Equity* may be, *said*
 ‘ *Sir John*, I hope never to see a new Valuation
 ‘ for a Land Tax. Our Acres are pretty well
 ‘ charg’d already, so let them look elsewhere if
 ‘ they want to raise more Money. — Yet, *reply’d*
 ‘ *Mr. Conyers*, all Taxes must at last Center on
 ‘ Land.’ — ‘ I must beg Leave, *reply’d the Doctor*
 ‘ to differ from you. — For Example: Suppose
 ‘ that a Duty was laid on the Exportation of our
 ‘ *Nobility* and *Gentry*, according to their Titles. —
 ‘ How could such a Tax affect the Land? —
 ‘ They Travel for *Health* or *Pleasure*, and I think
 ‘ ought to pay *Fifty* or an *Hundred Pounds* to their
 ‘ own Country, for Permission to spend the Re-
 ‘ mainder of their Fortunes in another. — Upon
 ‘ my Word, *said Squire Ash*, a very notable and
 ‘ reasonable Scheme! — Then, *continued the Doctor*
 ‘ If every Man who accepted an Employment of
 ‘ *One Hundred Pounds* a Year, was oblig’d to pay
 ‘ a *Year’s Salary* to the State, and a proportiona-

‘ bl

ble Tax on the Commissions of Land and Sea Officers, would it not raise a large Sum, and how would it affect our Lands?—In *Holland*, they have what is called a *Collateral Tax*, that is, the Inheriter of a Fortune in Land or Money, not descending to him in a *direct Line*, pays $2\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. to the State. When they sell Lands or Tenements, the Seller and Purchaser pay two or three per Cent. of the Value to the Government.

—Thus Gentlemen, it is plain there are many Ways of raising Money, where Taxes, so far from raising our *Manufactures*, might be so managed as to go infinitely cheaper to Foreign Markets.

‘ I ASSURE you, cried Colonel Manly, I never thought my Friend Doctor Grace, had so calculating an Head, and I dare say, were the Ministry acquainted with his Genius, he would soon have Lawn Sleeves.—I am so pleas’d with his Money Projects, that I must add *one*, which I wonder he forgot.—For Example: Suppose all the Livings of the *Clergy of England* were to be new valued, and the Clergy who succeed, after a certain Day, were obliged to pay to the Government one Year of that Valuation by four equal Payments in four Years.—Would not this likewise make a large Fund? And how would it affect our Lands? Permit me to explain my Scheme by Figures.

‘ Doctor Grace has Church Preferments }
to above 500*l.* a Year. I shall only } 450*l.*
Charge —————

Out

Out of this I shall deduct,

Full Land Tax at 4s.	_____	l. 90
Two Curates_____at most	_____	60
Remainder clear to the Doctor, besides Marriage, Christning and Burial Fees	_____	} 300

		l. 450

Now, I would value these Livings but at Two Hundred Pounds a Year in the *King's New Books*, and where would be the mighty Injustice to oblige his Successor to pay that Sum in four Years? And how would it affect our Lands?—Were this Chamber, *reply'd the Doctor*, a Chamber of Parliament, I should vastly disappoint the Colonel, by heartily concurring in such a Scheme properly regulated, but I should certainly Vote for exempting the poor Clergy.—Agreed, *said the Colonel*, so let it be resolved, that no Clergyman shall be liable to this *New Duty*, who has not One Hundred Pounds a Year, clear of all Deductions.—Raillery apart, *said Mr. Conyers*, I sincerely think, somewhat of this Nature ought to be done, and the Clergy of France have set us very good Examples. The Wisdom of Government is best seen in the just Partition of Taxes.—*To charge them who are Rich in this World* is true Policy, and to ease the poor Labourer is equal to it. To lessen the Tax on the Consumption of the Poor, is, in Fact, an Advantage to the Rich, as all Manufactures and Workmanship must lessen in Proportion.

THE Doctor mention'd, *said Sir John*, something of poor Clergy. I am really asham'd to see

so many, in such a Country as *England*, who appear like Objects of Charity, and thought, that when *QUEEN ANNE* gave up her *First Fruits* to buy *Glebe* and *Impropriated Tythes*, they would all have comfortable Livings; but I am vastly disappointed, nor can I conceive why they are not in a better Situation.* — All I know, *reply'd the Doctor*, is, That the Trustees for that useful Work have had the *First Fruits* and *Tenths*, above Thirty Years. They have purchased many *Glebes*, and, I dare say, from their great Virtues and high Dignities, every Thing in their Power has been done for the *Good of the Church*. If they have not added more to the Livings of poor *Clergy*, I must suppose they could get no more to purchase, or wanted a Fund.*

* *FAR* be it from me, *said Mr. Conyers*, to hint the least Reflection on the Honour or Integrity of Gentlemen in such eminent Stations, but from what the Doctor has said, and from what I have heard on this Subject, I must conclude, that there has been no *Misapplication* of Money. On the contrary, I am inform'd very little has been *apply'd*. If my Intelligence be true, a *Capital*, and the *Interest* of a Capital, has been suffer'd to *accumulate* to so *mighty a Sum*, that I am cautious to mention it. The Revenue is certainly large, and should the *Trustees* not have found out Purchases, I see no Reason but that *Twenty, Thirty, or Forty Pounds* in Money, should be given annually to many poor Clergymen, which, I humbly apprehend, would fully answer the Intent of the charitable Donor. Whether the *Trustees* have expended their *whole Fund*, or whether they are enabled to support *Twenty or Two Hundred Clergymen*, I cannot positively assert; but sure I am, that as

* the

‘ the Wisdom of the *Legislature* would not be less
 ‘ manifested by a fair and honest Enquiry into it
 ‘ so I am equally satisfied, that the *Integrity* and
 ‘ Honour of the *Trustees* would be thus clearly de-
 ‘ monstrated, and malevolent and clamorous
 ‘ Tongues silenced.

* * *

‘ TRULY, Sir *John*, said the Doctor, I am sorry
 ‘ Matters were carry’d so far Yesterday. We had warm
 ‘ Words, very warm Words. In the Name of Good-
 ‘ ness, what had *They* or *We* to do in the Affair?---
 ‘ the *French* prevail over us, I am sorry for it, and
 ‘ and pray God it may be otherwise.---If we beat
 ‘ them, I rejoice and am thankful. But to argue
 ‘ that some Things ought to have been *done*, and
 ‘ that others ought to have been *undone*, is certainly
 ‘ ly idle, for, I profess, I believe we know nothing
 ‘ of the Matter.’---Right, Right, said Sir *John*,
 ‘ but you know my Rule is, never to contradict
 ‘ or dispute about what I do not understand, espe-
 ‘ cially when I am convinc’d that my Antagonist is
 ‘ equally ignorant.’

‘ SUCH Disputants, said the Colonel, are the
 ‘ Plague of Society. The more they seem Gentle-
 ‘ men, the more Mischief they do, for, as they
 ‘ choose, and commonly herd but with People of
 ‘ inferior Capacities, they pass current for vast Ge-
 ‘ nius’s, and are applauded for their mighty Under-
 ‘ standings. I have often laugh’d to hear a Com-
 ‘ pany of honest Citizens, fighting over the very
 ‘ Battles I had been in, and minutely mentioning
 ‘ a thousand Circumstances that never did or could
 ‘ have happen’d, and have endeavour’d, and some-
 ‘ times with Success, to put my good Countrymen
 ‘ right.---I remember when I was a young Man
 ‘ and return’d from the Campaign of 1707, when
 ‘ the Duke of Marlborough did not fight the *French*
 ‘ I stroll’d into a City Coffee-house, where a young

pert *Soap-boiler* was most eloquently displaying his Talents, and diverting his Audience with the *Blunders and Misconduct* of the *Duke*.---I own I was foolish enough to be provok'd, and long'd to chastize his Insolence. At last, the young Man to illustrate his Subject, chalk'd out two Lines on the Table.---“ Now, Gentlemen, *said* *he*, here lay the *French*,---and here the Allied Army, with this trifling River between them.---Now, (still pointing with his Finger) why the Devil the *Duke* did not cross the River, and beat the *French* Scoundrels, is past my Comprehension.”---‘ He was proceeding, but I lost all Patience, for, stretching over my Cane, I gave his Fingers a pretty severe Rebuke.---He rose in Anger, and demanded a Reason, when I very coolly reply'd.---*It was only to convince him, that in passing a River, an Army might receive a Rap over the Nuckles.*---The Laugh of the Company was on my Side, and the poor *Soap-Boiler* look'd mighty silly.’

‘ WHY there it is, *said Sir John*, an honest innocent Man can’t speak his Mind freely, but up comes a *Red Coat*, and knocks him down.—— The Colonel says, he was then young and foolish, but how many have we of the same Stamp, at this Day?——God help us! when we are to be govern’d, or, rather, controul’d by a Standing Army!——‘ God help us, indeed, *reply’d the Colonel*, but for my Part, I promise you I will never live to see that Day.’—‘ That may be, *answer’d Squire Ash*; but really I can’t help thinking, some People are making large Strides, towards it, and where it may end, Heaven knows!——Is’t not a plain Case, they want us a *military Government*, by raising such an *Army*, and employing *them* in a foolish War on the Con-
M *‘ tinent*,

‘*continent*, where, every *News Paper* will tell you
 ‘ we have not the least *Business*?—If we must
 ‘ have a War, and be blooded by Taxes, let
 ‘ us, a God’s Name, give the Queen of *Hungary*
 ‘ her Belly-full of Money, but let us spare the
 ‘ Blood of *Old England*.’

‘ WELL said Mr. *Ash*, reply’d Sir *John*, you
 ‘ speak my Sentiments, and, I believe, the Sen-
 ‘ timents, of every honest Man in *Great Britain*
 ‘ but I am afraid all this mighty *Hurry* and Noise
 ‘ and Expence of *Blood* and *Treasure*, is more
 ‘ on Account of some G—— D——, than
 ‘ any Good intended to us. If they mean a real
 ‘ Advantage to *England*, let them send forth
 ‘ her *Wooden Walls* and scour the *Ocean*.—
 ‘ We may do some Good there, and let *Europe*
 ‘ fight on the Continent to Eternity, provided
 ‘ we keep them out of our own natural Terri-
 ‘ tories; nay, the more they quarrel and knock
 ‘ one another’s Brains out *Abroad*, the better it
 ‘ for us at Home.—Read our *Annals*, Colonel.—
 ‘ They were glorious Times, when our honest *Mil-*
 ‘ *itia*, headed by *Country Gentlemen*, could stand
 ‘ out and beat the *French* on their own Ground’—
 ‘ Pray, Sir, said the Colonel, what *Business* had
 ‘ these *Country Gentlemen* and gallant *Militia*
 ‘ *France*?—‘ *Business*! reply’d Sir *John*,—
 ‘ why, they went to conquer and keep the *French*
 ‘ at a Distance; and when they had conquered
 ‘ to keep their Conquests. Had we not *Normandy*,
 ‘ *MANDY AQUITAN*, *ANJOY*, and almost *Half*
 ‘ of *France*?—Very true, answer’d the Colonel
 ‘ and, as if it were done to shew us our Folly,
 ‘ a *Woman* drove this mighty *Militia* almost out
 ‘ All’—‘ Ay, said Mr. *Coneys*, and we were
 ‘ full as Glorious when we burnt this poor *Witch*
 ‘ man for a *Witch*.—Those, said the Doctor,
 ‘ were the Days of glorious Ignorance!’—‘

our Ancestors conquer'd Part of *France*, or had Provinces descended by *Right* to our *Kings*, they were mad to pretend to keep them for the Good of *England*.——Had they erected a *Kingdom* within that *Kingdom*, and given it an Head of Importance and Weight, they would have done wisely.'——'Very well observ'd, cry'd Mr. Conyers. I fear the Church Militant will be too hard for Country Gentlemen.'

'I must beg your Patience, said Colonel Manly, for I have a few Words to offer, and hope I shall never be call'd on this Subject again.

'THE Vicinity, said he, of *Great-Britain* and *France*, and the Rivalship in *Glory* and *Trade*, will ever make them natural Enemies to each other. The Views of *France* are as unbounded as Ambition. Our's are more confin'd, and rather lead us to cheque the exorbitant Power of others, than to encrease our own.'

'WHEN LEWIS the XIVth made War on the *Dutch*, and gave his *GLORY* for the *Reason*, it was the Heighth of true *Glory* to resist and cheque such an unchristian Scheme, but, unhappily, our CHARLES the Second was his Pensioner.'

WHEN this mighty *Lewis*, contrary to *Faith* and solemn Treaties, gave *SPAIN* to his Grandson, our Interest joyn'd to frustrate the Project; but when *Charles*, our King of *Spain*, became Head of the *Empire*, our Interest opposed his being Master of two such Monarchies, tho', perhaps, our Policy was unsound to suffer *Spain* to fall to any Branch of the *House of Bourbon*.'

'IN the present War, when *France*, in Violation of the most solemn Engagements, and in the Midst of profound Peace, attack'd the *Empire*; —when she had made the QUEEN of *HUNGARY* a Fugitive, even to the Subjects she, or

' her Family, had oppress'd the most ;—when she
 ' had near overturn'd the *Great Weight* that kept
 ' her *Ambition* from trampling on the *Neck* of Eu-
 ' rope, our *Interest*, our *Happiness* and our *Honour*
 ' compell'd us to join against her.—If our little
 ' *Army* in *Flanders*, was not so successful as we
 ' wish'd, they were led on with a *noble Spirit* ; they
 ' fought like themselves, and retir'd from Num-
 ' bers, rather *fatigu'd* than *conquer'd*.—We now
 ' know the Truth. We know our Troops *deserv-*
 ' *ed*, tho' they had not *Victory*.---We now Praise
 ' their *Valour*, but the *French* do more——They
 ' *Dread* it.

' IN the Name of GOD, How can our Govern-
 ' ment, or our *General* act ?---If we had not sent
 ' Troops to *Flanders* to convince the World we
 ' were hearty in the Cause, and in some Measure, to
 ' persuade the *Dutch* into our Sentiments, what a
 ' Load of Scandal would have issued from the
 ' *Press* ?---If our *General* had *tamely* look'd on,
 ' and not attempted the Relief of *TOURNAY*,
 ' would not every scribbling Fellow pour down
 ' from his Garret as much Abuse, as they now
 ' Honour him with for acting otherwise ?---Oh !
 ' But we were repuls'd at *FONTENOY*, and have
 ' lost *Flanders*.---What then ?---If we argue from
 ' Consequences, we had best never *Begin*, because
 ' we can never *End*.---In *War*, as in *Law*, *Trade*,
 ' and every other human Project, it suffices, that
 ' the Motive of Action was founded in *Reason*,
 ' *Justice* and *Honour*, but as to the Consequences,
 ' we must submit to the Disposer of all Things.'

' KING WILLIAM, and QUEEN ANN'S Wars,
 ' had the same Rise. Perhaps that *Glorious Mo-*
 ' *narch* deserv'd as much Praise in his *Defeats*, as
 ' the Great *Marlbrough* receiv'd for his *Victories*.
 ' The King did not escape Calumny :--*Marlbrough*

had his Share ; --- was disgrac'd, and even exil'd for
Conquering !

‘LET us cast our Eyes round *Europe*, even in Times of Peace, and shall we not find them all arm’d, and greatly arm’d ;---and shall we supinely rest content, and pay no Regard to our Safety?---Tho’ some affect to call our Regiments a *Standing Army*, though the Whole is little more than a *French Grand Guard*, yet we dread from it, the Loss of our *Liberty*.---Thank God ! I have a good Estate, but were our Army double their Numbers, I would not sell my Land for a Shilling less.---All *Europe* think our *Property*, consequently our *Liberty*, quite secure ; otherwise, they would never trust their *Millions* in our Funds.---This is the *Touch Stone* of our *Credit* and *Character* Abroad.---This is the *Barometer* of the State.-----Whilst our Officers are *Natives*, whilst they are Men of *Family* and *Fortune*, and have their Share in the *common Blessing*, I think I may positively pronounce our *Liberty* is safe.---Not to speak in too peremptory a Manner, I will allow, that an Army, *little or great*, is a very useless, nay, a dangerous Thing, without *Experience* and the *strictest* Discipline ; but God forbid they should ever acquire that *Experience* in their own Country !---Since *Experience* is absolutely necessary, where can they learn it but Abroad ?’

'IN our private Capacities we must keep our Honour and preserve our Reputation, even sometimes at the Hazard of our Lives ; but who would not hazard more, if possible, when his *Property*, his *Family*, and every Thing dear to him, are trampled up on !—A *Nation*, in this, is as a private Man. —We ought to acquire *Reputation*, but be careful to *keep it*. —We must make ourselves *respected*, but, by good Conduct, preserve that
M 3 ' *Dignity*.

‘ *Dignity*.—We ought to love *Peace*, but by a
 ‘ constant Readiness for *War*, be able to maintain
 ‘ the *one* with Honour, or pursue the *other* with
 ‘ Justice and Glory.’

‘ A WORD more, and I have done. I know what
 ‘ *Sir John* means by *German Dominions*. With-
 ‘ out entering into what, perhaps, none of us rightly
 ‘ understands, I really imagine that a *Monarch* has
 ‘ some small Title to the natural Liberty of other
 ‘ Men, and may be allowed the same natural In-
 ‘ clinations. I am asham’d this Argument is so
 ‘ often thrown out.—Could I divest myself of
 ‘ the Duty I owe him as my *Sovereign*, I should
 ‘ still Respect and Honour his *Justice* and *Valour*,
 ‘ were he but a private Gentleman. Let us not,
 ‘ my Friends, foolishly and wantonly condemn, but
 ‘ let us rather endeavour to make his Life *Happy*
 ‘ and *Content*, whilst Heaven is pleas’d to spare
 ‘ him to us. Let us, as free Subjects, *Love* him,
 ‘ and imitate those, over whom he is Absolute by
 ‘ the Laws, but over whose Hearts, his *Clemency*
 ‘ and *Uprightness* has establish’d a more absolute
 ‘ *Sway*.’

‘ *SIR JOHN* has given me the Text, but the
 ‘ Conclusion I must borrow from the Doctor.—
 ‘ *From what has been said, God grant us a right*
 ‘ *Understanding, and that we may Think on, and*
 ‘ *Practise it, in our Life and Conversation.*’

‘ AMEN, cry’d the Doctor, with all my Heart.
 ‘ I think the Colonel has given us an excellent Dis-
 ‘ course, and very much open’d my Eyes.’—
 ‘ I must own, said *Sir John*, we are a little too
 ‘ divided, and make great Draw-backs on our
 ‘ real Happiness, yet, perhaps, this Sort of Con-
 ‘ duct, poises the Scale of *Liberty*, and prevents
 ‘ *Power* and *Ambition* destroying the *Equilibre*.’

MR: CONYERS examin'd the Plan of *France*, as laid down by Mr. *Villeneuf*, in which he made many Alterations, and the next Evening's Conversation happening to turn on the Subject of the last, — 'I beg, *said he*, to be permitted to add a Postscript to the Colonel's Lecture, and to carry you to the Fountain-head, of, what I imagine, the *Liberty of England*.'

'WHOEVER, *continued he*, considers the Dominions of *France*, will imagine they ought not to think of enlarging their Boundaries beyond the *Pyrenees*, the *Alps*, and the *Rhine*, as such Conquests would be rather expensive than serviceable. — Their Views, with Regard to *Commerce*, have always been travers'd by *England* and *Holland*. — The Forces they constantly keep up, prevents their being disturb'd by their Neighbours on the Continent. — By the vast Sums they employ in Foreign Courts, besides their known Subsidies, they fortify themselves with the strongest Alliances. — As they have nothing to fear at Home, they have but *one Thing* to wish for Abroad to accomplish all their Schemes. — Could the *Austrian Netherlands* be annexed to *France*, the grand Project would execute itself.

'FOR this essential Conquest, *Treasures* must be hoarded, Troops must be maintain'd, and no Expence spared. When this *finishing Blow* can be once struck, *France* need not desire *Universal Monarchy*. — If she now maintains *three hundred thousand Men*, she will then content herself with a Quarter of that Number. — When Mistress of the *ten Provinces of Flanders*, the *Dutch* must act as she shall direct. — When assured no *War* can disturb her *Frontiers*, what *Vessels* will she not build! — How many Thousands will then be employ'd at *Sea*! and, who has she to oppose them, but *England*? — Their whole Force will

‘ then be center’d on the *Ocean*.—She will then
 ‘ have the whole Coast from *Ostend* to *St. Jean de*
 ‘ *Luz*, besides *That* in the *Mediterranean*.—She
 ‘ may then, without aiming at *Universal Monar-*
 ‘ *chy*, guide, direct, and give *Laws* to every State
 ‘ in *Europe*, free from the Trouble of being *Sove-*
 ‘ *reign* of it.

‘ IT is next to a mathematical Demonstration,
 ‘ that this is the favourite Project of *France*. LEWIS
 ‘ the Fourteenth attempted it, and became formi-
 ‘ dable at *Sea*, even to the United Fleets of *Eng-*
 ‘ *land* and *Holland*, Great and Mighty as they
 ‘ were!—In all human Probability, *Lewis* had
 ‘ seen the End of his Wishes, had not KING WIL-
 ‘ LIAM and QUEEN ANNE gloriously interpos’d
 ‘ and sav’d *Europe*. They cut him out such warm
 ‘ Work on the *Continent*, and oblig’d him so to
 ‘ waste the Blood and Treasure of his People, that
 ‘ his Sinews at last relaxed, his darling *Marine* was
 ‘ neglected, and his whole Force became little e-
 ‘ nough to defend the *Heart* of his *Kingdom*.

‘ IF what I have said, be not critically the Views
 ‘ of *France*, they have certainly Schemes of some
 ‘ Affinity to it.—In the present War, they prac-
 ‘ tic’d another Method to arrive at the same End.
 ‘ —They attack’d the *Empire*.—Could they
 ‘ have cut off the *Head*, they knew the *Limbs*
 ‘ would fall of Course.

‘ SUCH, Gentlemen, I apprehend, is the Fun-
 ‘ damental Maxim of *France*.—To traverse and
 ‘ frustrate such a pernicious Project, Half our
 ‘ Blood and Treasure, would be a cheap Purchase.
 ‘ —Our Annals are sanguin’d with the Blood of
 ‘ *Britains* slaughter’d by *Brother Britains*. —
 ‘ They shew the horrid Devastation of *Civil War*.
 ‘ —They point out the bloody Fields in *Eng-*
 ‘ *land*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*!—Wherefore all
 ‘ this, but to establish and preserve us in that *Liberty*

we so happily enjoy, but of which some make an unworthy Use !—If we have *fought* with, and *dethron'd* our own *Monarchs*, for infringing on our *Liberties*, What should we not do to avoid *Servility* being imposed on us by *Foreign Tyranny* ?—ULTIMA RATIO REGUM is the Motto of *French Cannon*.—If *that* be the *last Argument* of the *Most Christian Monarch*, certainly it is our *Duty* and *Business*, as perfectly to understand *that Logick*.

NOTHING is so dangerous as to condemn an Enemy, and nothing is so *idle* and *vain* as to despise and abuse the *French*.—On the contrary, we ought, and we have Reason, to dread their *Power*,---their *Situation*, and their *Politicks*.---If we mean to hand down to our *Posterity*, pure and undefiled, that *sacred Liberty* purchased by our Ancestors, let us rouse our *Spirits*, let us *unite*, and act like them !---But, if we mean to suffer that *holy Light* to be extinguish'd—to *perish* with our own frail Bodies, let us not only *disband* our trivial *Land*, but likewise our mighty *naval Forces* ; for, except our *utmost Strength* be collected, and the *Designs of France* render'd abortive, *The ONE will be useless at Home, and the other soon over-match'd Abroad*.

I SHALL conclude with the Words of King William, which ought to be engraven on the Hearts of every True *Englishman*.—"Let me conjure you, said that Glorious Monarch, to disappoint the only *Hopes of our Enemies* by your *Unanimity*. I have shewn, and will always shew, how *desirous* I am to be the *Common Father of all my People* ; do you, in like Manner, lay aside *Parties and Divisions* ; let there be no other *Distinction* heard of amongst us for the *Future*, but of those who are for the *PROTESTANT RELIGION*, and the *PRESENT ESTABLISHMENT*,

"and of those who mean a *POPISH PRINCE*, and
 "FRENCH GOVERNMENT."

It is not easy to paint the serious Countenance of the Company. The *Colonel* lifted up his Eyes, *Sir John* and *Squire Ash* shook their Heads, the *Doctor* cry'd, *Lord have Mercy upon us!* but *Mr. Leatherhead* was so affected, that he let fall his Pipe, and seem'd to neglect his favourite Tankard.

* * *

THE Conversation was on various Subjects, and at last fell on the *Laws of England*.—The *Colonel* own'd they were wise and wholesome; but declared, that the vast *Delay* and *Chicanerie* of the Practitioners was the *greatest Burthen* a Nation could groan under.—'Speedy Justice, said *Mr. Coneys*, is the Spirit and Essence of *Laws* both Civil and Criminal. A *French* Author of Humour observes, "That the *English* are infinitely more tenacious of their *Properties* than their *Lives* for, says he, *Life* or *Death* is generally decided in Twenty four Hours; but *Property*, be it ever so trivial, may employ as many Years."

MR. CONEYS was proceeding on the Subject when the *Terror of the Poor*, in the Shape of *John Clinch* the Constable, enter'd the Room.—'Please your Worships, said he, an't please you, there *Moll Stevens* has gotten her Belly up, and an't please your Worships, as the Wench laid the Matter on *Paddy Murphy* the *Irish* Draw-boy below Stairs, I thoughten best to bring her before your Worships that she might swear it, for please your Worships that *Irish Dog* does a Power of Mischief in the Parish.'—'Why Friend, said the *Colonel*, we do not meet here for Business but, however, let her come up.'—When the Constable withdrew,—Give me Leave, Gentle men, said the *Doctor*, to examine this Affair.

and to beg of you to do exactly like me, for I want to try an Experiment.—They promis'd, and then enter'd the *Constable, Moll Stevens, Paddy Murphy*, the Master and Mistress of the House, and most of the Servants.

THE Staff-Officer produc'd the *Bible*, and very learnedly began to open the Cause; but the *Doctor* stopp'd him saying, 'Pray, Friend, hold your Peace: You have nothing to say in the Affair, and I charge you all to keep Silence.—Come hither, young Woman, said he, Don't tremble.—We shall do you no Harm.—You are here to swear to the Person who has greatly injur'd you in your Reputation, and brought you into some Disgrace.—Do you know, Child, the Nature of an Oath?—Poor *Molly Stevens*, with down-cast Looks, and faltering Tongue, answer'd—*Yes*—'Consider, young Woman, said the *Doctor*, that an *Oath* is the only Security between Man and Man.—Consider that an *Oath* is a solemn Affirmation in the Presence of *Almighty God*, that what we speak is the *Truth*, and stake our *precious Souls* on it.—Consider the Situation you are now in, and that you must, very speedily, be put to a Tryal, where your Life will be in Danger.—To swear falsely, and, perhaps, in a few Days be called to Judgment, is a Thought that should make every Creature tremble.—Consider seriously, my Child, that *God* will punish Sinners, therefore, be certain of the *Truth*, and do not rashly risk your Soul, and add a Crime of the blackest Dye, to the Crime, that, by Repentance, *God Almighty* may forgive.—Be resolute, and say the *Truth*.'

Fears flow'd very plentifully down poor *Molly's* Cheeks; but the *Doctor*, taking off his Hat, kneeling down, all the Company did the same.

In this Posture, he gave her the Book, and administer'd the Oath in the most solemn Manner,

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ner, and then rose up. — ‘ Now, Child, *said he*,
 ‘ you are bound to answer with Truth.—Is this
 ‘ young Man, whose Name is *Patrick Murphy*, the
 ‘ Father of the Child you now go with, or not ?—
 With many Sobbs and Tears she, at last, answer’d
 —No—— ‘ Who then, *said he*, is the Father of
 ‘ it?—She hesitated for some Time, and with great
 Difficulty, answer’d—*John Clinch*.— ‘ Who was it,
 ‘ *said the Doctor*, that did advise, and would have
 ‘ persuaded you to swear falsely against *Patrick*
 ‘ *Murphy*.’—She answer’d—*John Clinch*.— Very
 well, *said he*, your Affair is finish’d.—But for
 you, Mr. *Constable*, it is my Orders, that you find
 good Security by To-morrow Morning, for the
 Maintenance of the Child ; and that you imme-
 diately pay One Guinea to *Patrick Murphy*, or
 I will have you indicted for Subornation of Per-
 jury.

THE Constable, tho’ vastly confounded, had so
 much Wit that he paid his Fine, and the extra Com-
 pany withdrew, triumphing with *Murphy*, and ap-
 plauding the Wisdom of the Parson.— ‘ Doctor,
 ‘ *said the Colonel*, I wish you Joy, for if Perjury
 ‘ be a damning Sin, you have certainly, for this Bout
 ‘ sav’d one poor Soul.’— ‘ I have often thought,
 ‘ *reply’d the Doctor*, that we have not only multi-
 ‘ ply’d Oaths, and made them familiar, but that
 ‘ our common Way of administering them, is an In-
 ‘ let to the greatest of Evils, and sincerely wish,
 ‘ that all Justices of the Peace, and other Magis-
 ‘ trates, would see it perform’d in a more decent
 ‘ and Christian-like Manner.— Well, well, *said*
 ‘ Mr. *Leatherhead*, tho’ff *John Clinch* be to Father
 ‘ the Child, I believe *Irish Paddy* has had a Finger
 ‘ in the Pye.—The Son of a Wh—re has a most
 ‘ swinging Brogue, and the Girls begin with Laughing,
 ‘ but he makes some of them Cry for all that. The
 ‘ Fellow

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 277

'Fellow makes Love to my Wife's Maid, and
'I've a Letter of his'n in my Pocket.—Come, said
'the Colonel, now for an *Irish Billet-doux*.

"My dear Sowl,

"**W**HAT cignifis making an Oration and Pa-
lavar, for your one swet Self no's how def-
prally i'm in Love with you. My poor I's
karryd the Arrant oftin enuf, and your one deer
Fese was after givin me a swil Anser, for you
simpurd upon me, and made my poor Hart gump
for Joy. Now thees fuu Lines is to ashure my
deer charmin Sally, that if she pleses to let me
have a smal Confablation, I wil ley my Hart and
Sowl at her Feet, and you may comand me by
Nite or by Dey for the precent Time, or my
hole Life. If you breke my poor Hart I will love
you; and when I am in my cowl'd Greve, my
Ghost wil attind you, and do you al the Sarvis I
can. Ogh! my deer Sally, kepe my Hart allive,
and you will find it beter then all the Ghosts in
England. No more at precent from your fethful
and dyin

PATRICK MURPHY."

'WELL said Paddy! cry'd the Colonel, I af-
sure you the young Rogue has got the Laconick
Stile, and says a great deal in few Words. In
spite of the Brogue on his Pen, you find he comes
to the Point, and very likely will carry it.—
That he wont, reply'd Mr. Leatherhead, for the
Girl hates him, and abuses him all Day long.—
And yet, said Sir John, she may love him all
Night.—There have been such Tricks.—I am
in Love said Mr. Conyers, with this *Irish Epistle*;
but I have one from a Shoemaker in London to
'my

‘ my Farmer *Tom Driver*, whose Son is an Ap-
 ‘ prentice. As it is a Sample of *low, London-shire*
 ‘ *English*, I beg Leave to read it.’

“ *Dear Friend,*

“ *THESE few Lines is to acquaint you, that*
 “ *your Son Tom is in good Health at this pre-*
 “ *sent Writing, and begins to handle his Hammer*
 “ *to some Tune, so that I hopes he’ll be a clever*
 “ *Feller. He was in a strange Quandery at the*
 “ *many Fokes in this City, but that Matter is now*
 “ *all off. Pl say that for him, he’s the most big-*
 “ *gest Boy I ever see of’s Age, and as strong as a*
 “ *Bruser: He fitt Will. Adz, the Cooper’s Boy*
 “ *and soundly thrash’d his Jackett. He plays a*
 “ *rare Knife and Fork, but can’t eat Weeal with-*
 “ *out Weeneger; but he’s very fond of a few*
 “ *Broth. The poor Lad had a Mishap last Week,*
 “ *for he fell out at Wynder, and broke his Head*
 “ *against the Stone Postisses. I find he looks hard*
 “ *at the Wenches, so I fears, he won’t be a Bachel-*
 “ *der at the End of’s Time. Our Friend Mr.*
 “ *Tabby, the Stay-Maker, is now a Wyder. No*
 “ *more from*

“ *your loving Friend,*

“ *TOBY LIFT.*”

‘ I DON’T see, said Mr. *Leatherhead*, why we
 ‘ should laugh at the Shoemaker because he don’t
 ‘ write so fine as a *Parson*; tho’ff he don’t, he
 ‘ writes well enough, and he’s an *Englishman*;
 ‘ But what a plague have we to do with a Parcel of
 ‘ *Irish*, who take the Bread out of our Mouths, and
 ‘ debauch all our Women?—Why don’t we trans-

‘ *part*

port them back to their *Bogs* and *Potato's*? I'm sure 'twould be happy for us if *Ireland* was at the *Bottom of the Sea*.—No, no, said *Sir John*, not that neither; but I think we ought to give them no Trade, and makethem pay some of our Taxes.' — 'That's an odd Maxim, *Sir John*, said the Colonel:—Now I should think, that the best Way to make them pay some of our Taxes, is to put them in a Condition to do it.—Should we keep them poor, we may lay on Taxes, but how shall we collect them?—Where shall we find the Money?' — 'I shall not, said the Doctor, reason on the Prudence or Justice of *England*, because, tho' Mr. *Leatherhead* forgets it, I was born in *Ireland*, and might be suspected of Partiality, but Mr. *Conyers* has a Letter with some Account of that Kingdom, which, I own, gave me great Pleasure, because I sincerely love *Great Britain*, and honour the King.'—The Account, said Mr. *Conyers*, that the Doctor has mention'd, is a Copy of a Letter from an *English Gentleman*, to a noble Lord, which fell into my Hands by Accident. If you think proper, it shall make Part of our Entertainment at next Meeting.'

* * *

THE Reader will please to remember, that Mr. *Ville euf* gave Jack a Paper relating to *Ireland*: This Paper Mr. *Conyers* alter'd, and threw into the Shape of the following Letter, which he read in his Place.

Dublin,

Dublin, 17 March, 1744.

‘ *My Lord,*

‘ **I** HAVE now finished my Tour through this Kingdom. In my former Letters, I gave your Lordship some Account of Cities and Towns, but rather as a Journal of my Travels, than a regular Description of the Country. I purpose, now, to speak of the Kingdom in general, and hope I have so much conquer’d my former unaccountable *Prejudices*, as to be able to give your Lordship a short, but true Idea of *Ireland*.

‘ It is of little Moment to argue, whether this Country is claim’d by *England* as a Conquest, or whether the Inhabitants threw themselves under its Protection?—That the *Irish* fought against *Queen Elizabeth*, and were often in Arms, till entirely subdu’d by *King William*, is a Matter not to be wonder’d at, when we consider their *Religion*.—Erroneous as their Principles were, they certainly acted agreeable to them.—No doubt, the Resistance they made, and the Blood they shed, struck that sort of *Horror* and *Hatred* in our Ancestors, that is handed down to their Posterity, and makes, at this Day, Part of our Character.—When we speak of the People, we ought carefully to make a Distinction between *Irish* and *Irish*, that is, we ought to regard the *Protestants* of *Ireland* as ourselves, because, in Fact, they are our *Brethern* and our *Children*; and so to manage the poor *Natives*, who are mostly *Papists*, that by *Clemency* and good *Usage*, we may wean them from ill Habits, and make them *faithful* and *useful* Subjects.

‘ THE Settlements of our Ancestors in this Kingdom, and the Number of *English* that are
‘ daily

daily fixing themselves in the *Law*, the *Church*, the *Army*, and in *Civil Employments*, must, in Time make it a *Protestant Country*, and of the highest Importance to *Great Britain*.—An Acquisition of *Three Millions of Subjects*, and above *Ten Millions* of good Acres, is not so trivial an Affair as some imagine.—If we have *conquered* this Kingdom, Who enjoys the *Conquest* but the Descendants of the *English*?—If true Policy requires Lenity and Encouragement to the *Conquered*, undoubtedly the *Conquerors*, who settled on the Spot, have at least the same Title.—Wherefore did we conquer, but to establish our *Laws*, our *Religion*, our *Manners*, and our *Liberty* amongst a People who greatly wanted all, and to add *Strength* and *Lustre*, to the *Throne of England*?—It is true, my Lord, we are Masters of this Kingdom, but I am afraid we do not reap a *Tenth* of the Advantages it might procure us!

‘OUR whole Conduct favours too much of *Monopoly*. We argue from wrong Principles; for every *Individual*, regardless of every other, measures the Happiness of the Kingdom, but by his own private Interest.—Thus, a *cloathing Town* complains dreadfully of the *Decay* of its Trade, without considering how much it *increases* in another.—*Bristol* is much out of Humour, that the *African* and *Slave-Trade* is so considerably fall’n; but *Bristol* forgets to inform us, how greatly it flourishes at *Liverpool*.

‘PROVIDED the Trade exists, ’tis indifferent to us, as a Nation, where it fixes, but I apprehend, the more Places it inhabits, the greater the Chance for its *Increasing*.—With Regard to the Kingdom, I applaud our Wisdom in promoting and encouraging their *Linnen Manufacture*.—Their Industry has brought this Branch to infi-

‘ nite

‘nite perfection, which, alone, enables them to
 ‘pay so great a Tax to *England* as *Eight Hundred*
 ‘*Thousand Pounds a Year*.—Your Lordship will be
 ‘surpris’d at my mentioning a Tax.—If the ex-
 ‘press Letter will not allow of the Term, the real
 ‘Fact will justify it.—The *Pensions* and *Employ-*
 ‘*ments* on this Establishment, the large *Fortunes*
 ‘spent in *England*, the great Importation of *Eng-*
 ‘*lish* Commodities, with other Articles that are
 ‘exactly computed, will amount to that Sum, it
 ‘not to more.

‘Did they want this *Linnen Trade*, *England*
 ‘would want so much clear Profit, and *Silesia*
 ‘*Hamburgh* and *Holland*, enjoy the Sweets. Your
 ‘Lordship therefore perceives, how much it is the
 ‘Interest of *England*, to cherish and countenance
 ‘this Branch. Should we neglect or clog it by par-
 ‘tial Views, or unseasonable *Parsimony*, we
 ‘should irrecoverably lose a *Mine*, more valuable
 ‘than that of *Gold*. Whilst we favour *Ireland* in
 ‘this, it is but Just and Right we should be equal-
 ‘ly Kind to our Brethren of *Scotland*. The Field
 ‘is wide enough for both, and both ought to be
 ‘supported by every *Bounty* we can bestow.’

‘WHAT Laws have we not made, what Ex-
 ‘pence have we not been at, to prevent the Ex-
 ‘portation of *Irish Wool* into Foreign Nations
 ‘——Has it answered the End proposed?——
 ‘am sure it has not ——The natural Consequence
 ‘of our Prohibition is, that they send it by Stealth
 ‘into *France*, where they have a certain Vent.—
 ‘Is this clandestine Trade practised in *England*?—
 ‘I fear your Lordship cannot answer in the Ne-
 ‘gative.’

‘*IRELAND* could do extremely well without
 ‘*French Wines*, but I know not the Inconveni-
 ‘encies *France* would be drove to, had she not the
 ‘Bee

Beef, their *Tallow*, *Hydes* and *Butter* ; but when we add *Wool*, the *Irish* have a Profit in that Commodity ; the *French* have a vast Gain, but the *English* are, as certainly, vast Losers. — Were your Lordship to examine strictly into the Truth, you would find that the *grand Contest* is not so much between *England* and *Ireland*, but between *England* and *France*. Your Lordship would then discover, that every *Link* we throw out to bind *Ireland*, not only curtails *their Profits*, but our own, and, what is worse, transferring those Profits into the Arms of *France*. — Was this Matter seriously consider'd, and it is worth the Thoughts of the wisest amongst us, *Abbeville* would soon be a Desert, and the *French* obliged to recur to the old Method of buying our Stuffs.

‘ And here, my Lord, permit me to lay open, a piece of *French* conduct which is not generally known. *Abbeville* is a Royal Manufacture. To support which, *Wool* must be obtain'd from *England* and *Ireland* at any price, but the Manufacturers pay only the middle Price of *England*, and the *King*, that is, the Kingdom in General, pays the remainder. By this method, and by the cheapness of Provisions, they are able to undersell us in foreign Markets.

‘ AMONGST the many Schemes for restraining *Irish Wool*, I have met but with one, that in any Degree can answer the End. — The Author proposes a large *Bounty* on the Exportation of Corn from *Ireland*. — This, says he, would certainly throw the Inhabitants into *Tillage*, and soon convert their *Sheep Walks* into *Corn Fields*, and all the People would be properly employ'd and supported.

‘ WERE your Lordship to view the *Southern* and *Western Coast* of this Kingdom, you would be as much charm'd with their *Bays* and *Harbours*,

‘ as

‘ as astonish’d to find them of such little Use.—
 ‘ Little to themselves, but less to *England*.—Were
 ‘ it possible to convince Gentlemen, that, let the
 ‘ *Riches* of *Ireland* be what it will, *Nine Tenths*
 ‘ would certainly center in *England*, I imagine
 ‘ they could not hesitate a Moment, but, by endea-
 ‘ vouring to increase it, at the Expence of our
 ‘ *Enemies*, enable them, at last, to bear a Propor-
 ‘ tion, and to contribute to the Exigencies of the
 ‘ *British Government*.’

‘ THE common Opinion of the *Laziness* of the
 ‘ *Irish*, is not strictly Just. The *Negroes* in *Ame-*
 ‘ *rica* have certainly more comfortable Dwellings,
 ‘ and are better fed than the *poor Natives* of this
 ‘ Country. They are Strangers to *Property*, as
 ‘ well as *Meat*. With what Spirit would an *Eng-*
 ‘ *lish Plowman* work under such Circumstances?—
 ‘ I fancy not much better than the *Irish*.—If these
 ‘ poor People are *Slothful* and *Inactive*, their Food
 ‘ will account for it, on the same Principles that
 ‘ *Sir William Temple* accounts for the *peculiar Con-*
 ‘ *rage* of the *English*.—No doubt, my Lord, but
 ‘ good Nourishment, good Cloaths, and decent
 ‘ Habitations, greatly influence the Constitution of
 ‘ a Man, and give a Labourer that Vigour and Life
 ‘ so necessary to his Employment.—Your Lord-
 ‘ ship may ask, Why it is not so in *Ireland*?—The
 ‘ Error, I think, lies in the Generality of the *Land-*
 ‘ *lords*. Here, a Man of large Fortune never sees
 ‘ his *Estate*, and will not be troubled with a Mul-
 ‘ tiplicity of Tenants.—He lets the Whole to a
 ‘ few Gentlemen.—These, lett their Parts to o-
 ‘ thers, reserving a certain Revenue to themselves.
 ‘ —These again do the same in a lower Degree,
 ‘ till, by passing thro’ a Dozen, or Twenty Hands,
 ‘ it sinks the *real Occupiers* into downright *Misery*
 ‘ and *Wretchedness*.—As a Man of some Human-

ty and Tenderneſs for my Fellow Creatures I moſt heartily wiſh I could as eaſily point out the *Remedy*, as ſhew the *Disease*.’

‘NOTWITHSTANDING their own capital Errors, and many of *ours*, they ſeem to ſtruggle through Difficulties with great Reſignation and Patience. They ſpare no Pains to make it a *Proteſtant Kingdom*, and moſt vigorously follow the Plan laid down, at a vaſt Expence, by Dr. HENRY MAUL, now *Biſhop of Meath*, in educating the Children of the Natives in *Labour, Industry* and *true Religion*. Already have they reclaim’d Thouſands of unhappy Creatures, and added them to the Stock of *faithful Subjects*.—If the *Romans* granted a *Civic Crown* to him who ſaved one Citizen, what *Triumphs*, what *Statues* does not this truly *Right Reverend Prelate* deſerve, for preſerving ſuch Multitudes!—The Reward of *this World* can be but Praise; the *juſt Recompence* can only be given in the *other*.—I incloſe to your Lordſhip a full Account of this moſt noble and uſeful *Charity*, now founded on a *Charter*.

‘ONE rational Scheme produces others.— Their liberal Subſcriptions for encouraging *Huſbandry, Arts, Manufactures*, and, in ſhort, every Branch of *Industry* and *uſeful Knowledge*, betrays not an *idle, inactive Spirit*, and the Conſequence is viſible throughout the whole Kingdom. —I ſend your Lordſhip a Liſt of *Premiums* for the preſent Year. Add this to the Account of the *Charter Schools*, and they give ſuch a Proof of *true Wiſdom* and *Underſtanding*, that I am not able to cite any Thing that even looks like a Parallel.

‘YOUR Lordſhip will not expect Encomiums on the *Papiſts* of this Kingdom for their *firm Attachment* to a *Proteſtant Government*. No, my

' my Lord, but they are *quiet* and *amenable* to it
' As for the *Protestants*, I am convinc'd, his Ma
' *jesty* has not more *loyal* and *faithful* Subjects.'

' THE Ridicule on the *Irish* Tone, or Manner
' of Speaking, is rather more *absurd* than bar
' *barous*. All Nations have that Folly.——
' The *Parisians* make very free with the *Normans*
' *Gascoigns*, and other Provinces.——The People
' of *Rome* banter the common *Venetian* Dialect.——
' The *Saxons* despise the Tone of other *German*
' *States*.——All *Germany* laugh at the *Low Dutch*
' and the *Dutch* laugh as heartily at the *Flemmings*
' —Each County in *England* make themselves mer
' ry at the Expence of another; but all *England* ri
' dicule the *Scotch* and *Irish*, and these, I suppose
' return the Compliment.——Thus we have all the
' luckily Faculty of finding *Perfection* in ourselves
' and seeing the *Contrary* in our Neighbours.

' *WHATEVER* might have been the Reason for
' holding the *Irish* in Contempt, even to *Hatred*
' I can truly say, those Reasons must have, long
' since, ceas'd. They are now *Members*, and
' very useful Members to our *Body*, and are capa
' ble of being made infinitely more so. They are
' not, as some imagine, a *Wen* on the Neck of
' *England*, that disgraces our *Form*, and sucks up
' our *natural Juices*. No, my Lord; but as
' certainly is in our Power to make *them* so, it is
' certain, that we *may* and *ought* to render them
' *Strength* and a *Support* to the *British* Governmen

' I CANNOT let slip an Opportunity of expres
' sing my *Gratitude* for the many *Civilities* I have
' received in this Country. *Hospitality* is the
' Character. Indeed they a little exceed in the
' Article of *Wine*, especially in *Brimmers*, to the
' Cause of *Liberty* and our happy *Constitution*
' Their Zeal is so fervent, that they forget, the

the Wine they drink is of that Country that would destroy both.

‘LET us, my Lord, avoid all invidious Names and *Distinctions*, and rank them amongst the *Errors* of the *Vulgar*. Let us be *just* and *faithful* to each other. Let us learn *Truth*, *Wisdom*, and *Honour*. These are not confin’d to the *Torrid* or *Frigid* Zone, neither can *temperate Regions* boast their peculiar Residence.

‘ I am,

‘ with the greatest Respect,

‘ my Lord, &c.

CHAP. X.

Where, where, degen’rate Countrymen—how high
Will your fond Folly and your Madness fly?
Are Scenes of Death, and servile Chains so dear
To sue for Blood and Bondage every Year,
Like Rebel Jews, with too much Freedom curst,
To court a Change—tho’ certain of the worst?

GARTH.

I AM afraid I have carried my Reader too far from the Subject-Matter of this History, and try’d his Patience; but I assure him that my Indulgence has been very great, for, at infinite Pains, I have curtail’d the last Chapter at least Sixty Pages.—Few know the Difficulty of *Bridling* the *Imagination*, and *Reining back* an hard-mouth’d *Pen*. It sometimes gets a-head, and in Spite of all our Skill, runs away with us into *Mire* and *Dirt*; nay, this Minute I find my Quill in a Humour to gallop, so I shall stop him short in Time.

THUS

THUS we have seen the agreeable Manner Mr. Conyers pass'd away many Evenings; and thus did he establish himself in the Affections of his Company, and in the Love of the Inhabitants, by many Acts of generous Charity. Colonel Manly, in particular, held him in great Esteem, and carry'd his Friendship so far, as to promise his Interest with the Borough for a Seat in Parliament on the first Vacancy.

MR. CONYERS had now experienced perfect Happiness for above a Year. — He knew the great Secret of enjoying the *good Things of this World*, so as not to *abuse them*. — His Fortune, his faithful and agreeable Companion, his Family and the Love and Respect of all, were the Rewards of his honest Intentions to all Mankind. In a Word, the Elements in him were so mix'd, that he deserv'd the honourable Title of a Man. — But this World is not made for permanent and lasting Joys! — His Happiness, Tranquillity, and every domestick Pleasure, vanish'd in a Moment, and left him as awaken'd out of a Dream of Bliss. — He had a Prospect of an Increase to his Happiness, but the Disappointment added to his Pains.

MRS. CONYERS was near Lying-in, but an ignorant Servant Maid telling her a most frightful Story of the Rebellion, which had just then broke out, threw her into a Fit and violent Tremor, which brought on an improper Labour. She was deliver'd of a Boy, who died soon after, and in four Days the kind, the tender, the affectionate and agreeable Mrs. Conyers, follow'd her Child.

THE Distraction and real Grief of the Family and their Friends is not to be express'd. Mr. Conyers bore this dreadful Stroke like a Man, but he felt it like a Man. His Exclamations were few, but his Sighs and the Throbbings of his Heart were without Number. His inky Coat was not the

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GEOR

only Sign of Sorrow. The involuntary Tear, the Heavings of his Breast, and the Alteration of his Countenance, gave visible Marks of *sincere Affliction*.—Let me at once quit the melancholy Subject, and bring my Friend to a State of Mind a little more composed and resign'd.—He assur'd Mr. and Mrs. *Sampson* of his constant Affection and Love, and that notwithstanding his *dearest Wife* had made no Will, he knew her Intention, and would fulfil it. Accordingly, new Writings were drawn, and he made them a Compliment of *Three thousand Pounds*.

His gloomy Countenance would have had a much longer Duration, had not the *Rebellion* rous'd his Indignation. He thought his Duty to his *Sovereign* call'd him from Inaction, and the Love of his *Country* seem'd prior to every other Regard. To bestow hard Names on *Rebels*, and supinely to sigh at intestine War, he judg'd, was *unmanly* and imprudent. He had no Idea, that the Choice of *Liberty* or *Slavery* requir'd a Moment's Hesitation. Full of *Freedom* and *Glory*, he unbosom'd his Thoughts to the Colonel.—'My dear Friend, said this venerable but hearty old Gentleman, I must love you the more for this.—Yes, my dear Conyers, go—fight for your Country, and God Almighty preserve and give you Victory!—Did my great Age permit, I would be your Companion, and share in the Danger.—I well remember, tho' then a Boy, the Insolence of a *Popish Government*. I remember the *Seven Bishops* in the Tower.—The Swarms of *Friers* in *St. James's Park*.—The *Sham Liberty of Conscience*, and a thousand other Enormities.—Young as I was, I follow'd my Father, and join'd the *Prince of Orange*.—I fought and bled for him and *Liberty* at the *Boyne*.—I fought for *Liberty* and *KING GEORGE* at *Dumblain*, and what Man, who has a

' a Soul, and a Sense of our *invaluable Blessings*,
 ' but would venture, nay lay down his Life for
 ' them?—Now I am Old and Infirm, but my
 ' Heart is good,—indeed it is.'—The poor Gentle-
 man could proceed no farther, for Tears choak'd his
 Words. Mr. *Conyers* was greatly affected, and
 said all in his Power to ease the *Colonel's* Heart.
 ' —You must forgive, *said the Colonel*, the
 ' Weakness of an old Man.—I cannot help it.—
 ' But, when I think on Times past,—On the Dan-
 ' ger our *Constitution* has, so often, been in, and
 ' the noble and successful Struggles we have made
 ' to defend it,—When I think on these Things
 ' my *Pulse* forgets its Age, and beats as strong as
 ' in Youth.—*Good God!*—What is it we want!—
 ' Is there a *reasonable Blessing* that we do not, or
 ' may not enjoy!—Are we blind to our own *Hap-
 ' piness*, and can some, who call themselves *Prote-
 ' stants*, even think of a *Popish King* but with Hor-
 ' ror?—Can we be so stupid as not to see the old
 ' the *stale Trick* of *France*? And must some of us
 ' always fall into so weak a Project?—Poor delud-
 ' ed Men! But thank God, we have still *Honour*
 ' and *Wisdom* sufficient to convince them of their
 ' Errors.'
 ' FROM my Soul I wish it, *reply'd Mr. Con-*
 ' *yers*, neither have I the least Doubt.—For my
 ' Part, I am determin'd, and will immediately
 ' prepare for the *Field*.—I believe, *said the Colonel*
 ' I can assist you.—Let me see—Ay—I have a *Ten-*
 ' and every Camp-Necessary, in good Order, for
 ' I frequently visit them to refresh my Memory
 ' —These are your's, with two excellent *Baggage*
 ' Horses, and a *Baw-Man* that understands his
 ' Business.—Dear Sir, *said Mr. Conyers*, you have
 ' made me quite happy.—I am already in the *Field*
 ' —Softly, softly, *answer'd the Colonel*, perhaps
 ' may do somewhat more. I would not have you

go with *Irregulars*, for it will not be so Satisfactory.—A *Noble Duke* is about raising a *Regiment* of HORSE. He does me the Honour to rank me with his intimate Friends, and I will immediately send an Express, and write him such a Letter, that, perhaps, shall put you in a Light of Honour, and enable you to be *really useful*.—Mr. Conyers return'd him many Thanks, and he was exact to his Promise.

'WE must now, *said the Colonel*, think of engaging a few good Volunteers to accompany you to the Regiment, in case you succeed. We must be busy, and go roundly to work.'—In a few Days they fix'd on twenty young Fellows, mostly Sons of Tenants.—In a short Time the Colonel received a most polite and obliging Answer to his Letter. It concluded—"From the great Character you give Mr. Conyers, he cannot fail of being extremely agreeable. I am sorry I have but a Lieutenancy to offer him. Should this be accepted of, I beg an Answer by Express, and that he would join the Regiment at ***** with all Speed, with whatever good Men he can pick up."

'LIEUTENANT Conyers, *said the Colonel*, I most heartily wish you Joy.—Now indeed, Matters put on a better Face, and you are equipp'd as you ought to be.—But, Bustle, Bustle.—Take Leave of the good People at Home; make your Will, and—To Horse and away.'

TAKING Leave, was a Task he could wish to excus'd, but it was impossible. Mr. Sampson was struck Dumb at the News, but his good Wife with all Patience. She could not comprehend the necessity of his going in *Person*, when he might by *deputy*. She quoted many Examples of Gentlemen, of Fortunes infinitely superior to his, who

contented themselves with *paying a little Money,* and *drinking Success* to the Cause.—‘ Yes, yes, my Dear, *said her Husband,* they must be special good Subjects, who are only warm in the Cause, by the Quantity of Liquor they drink. I violently suspect such Sort of People, and am not sorry to find my dear Brother of another Way of Thinking. I am only concern’d that such an unhappy Occasion should deprive us of his Company, and throw him into Danger; but I trust in God, he will return in Safety and with Victory.’—‘ If he must go, *reply’d Mrs. Sampson,* I pray God to protect and shield him.’—The Conversation became more familiar, and by degrees he persuaded them to excuse the Ceremony of Parting, which would give Pain, and make him miserable.

WITH all imaginable Diligence he prepar’d for his Departure. He sent forward twenty-three Recruits under the Care of two of his Tenants. He left a *Will* with Doctor Grace, and a Power with Mr. Sampson to receive his Rents, and remitted Five Hundred Pounds to the Agent of the Regiment, that he might draw on him as Occasions requir’d. He concerted Matters with the Colonel, and his Horses and Baggage filed off by Degrees to the next Town. He invited some Friends to dinner the next Day, which was *Sunday,* so the Family was sure of him for one Meal more. However, while they were at Church, the Colonel call’d in his Chariot and accompany’d him, where the Horses attended. The old Gentleman gave him a proper Letter to *his Grace,* and stay’d with him that Night. In the Morning he took a Soldier-like Farewell; saw him set out for the Regiment, and return’d in the Evening to give Mr. Sampson an Account of the Expedition.

C H A P. XI.

*Since great Examples justify Command,
Let glorious Acts, more glorious Acts inspire,
And catch, from Breast to Breast, the noble Fire.*

POPE'S HOMER.

OUR Lieutenant soon arriv'd at the appointed Place, and found his Recruits in good Order. He was received with great Politeness, and presented with his *Commission*, and to all his Brother Officers. The Regiment was near compleat, and only waited the *General's* Orders, to March where the Service requir'd. He was extreamly pleas'd with this New *Society*, as he found the *Officers* were, not only Gentlemen of *Good Sense*, but of *considerable Fortunes*. He readily join'd, in every Expence, that was propos'd to make the Regiment live comfortably, and do Honour to the Cause.

IN about three Weeks, he received a Letter from *Colonel Manly*, with some Books. This Letter is so concise, and so full of *good Instruction*, that I cannot avoid giving it a Place *verbatim*.

' *My very dear Friend,*

I TAKE this first Opportunity of fulfilling my Promise, by laying before you, what my Age and Experience judge necessary for your well-doing.

' You are a Man of *Property*, and now enlisted to fight the Cause of *Freedom*, and of *That Monarch* who has *ever supported it*.—You are a *Soldier*. You are one of *those* on whom, under *God*, the *Life* and *Liberty* of this Nation depend.—Consider the *Dignity* of your Station.—Consider the *mighty Trust* reposed in you. Consider your-
' Self, and it is scarcely possible you will err in your
' Conduct.

‘ I AM positive as to your *personal Courage*, for
 ‘ your Soul is *humane* and *tender*, and your Tongue
 ‘ is not a *Bragart*; but as your Behaviour in this
 ‘ new Scene of Life is what I am not so certain
 ‘ of, your Good-nature will excuse a little Advice,
 ‘ and attribute my *Trite Maxims*, more to the
 ‘ Warmth of my Friendship, than to any Occasion
 ‘ you may have for them.

‘ To be an *Officer*, there is no Necessity of be-
 ‘ ing inspired with supernatural Talents. *Common-*
 ‘ *Sense*, and the *Deportment* of a Gentleman are
 ‘ sufficient. The Knowledge of your *Duty*, and
 ‘ the *Military Art*, will come with *Time* and Ex-
 ‘ *perience*; but a close Application to the Study, is
 ‘ necessary.

‘ THE Love of the Soldiers, is the Happiness
 ‘ of an *Officer*; and to gain *that Love*, the Method
 ‘ is short and easy. — *Pay and Punish where due,*
 ‘ *but never strike.* — Be free with your Men, but
 ‘ suffer them not to be too free with you. An
 ‘ *haughty*, over-bearing Temper, may indeed in-
 ‘ spire them with *Fear*, but never with *Affection*.
 ‘ Treat them as *Men*, and they will respect you as
 ‘ *their Officer*; but, at the same Time, be careful
 ‘ that the *Non commission’d* Officers act in the same
 ‘ Manner, and *support* their proper Authority, on
 ‘ which all *Duty* and *Submission* depends.

‘ ENDEAVOUR, as much as possible, to keep
 ‘ your Men *clean* and *decent*; it gives *Spirits*, and
 ‘ prevents *Drunkenness* and *Debauchery*. — Drop in
 ‘ in at their Meals, taste their Victuals, encourage
 ‘ them to keep good Messes, and Reprove where
 ‘ you find them Remiss.

‘ BE assiduous to learn the *Exercise* of a Soldier,
 ‘ and keep your Men diligent at it, yet so, as not to
 ‘ fatigue them unnecessarily. See that they punc-
 ‘ tually obey your Commands, but be not too ri-

gorous

gorous in *trivial Matters*. Believe me, the Men soon find out the *Genius* of their Officers, and will never *impose* or play Tricks, when they know they cannot do it with *Impunity*.

‘MAKE it a constant Rule, to *Obey* with *Alacrity* and *Chearfulness*, every Order of your Superiors: Such a Conduct will add to your *Reputation*, and confirm your *Character*.

‘SLANDER and *Scandal* sometimes insinuate themselves into Camps, and too frequently attack the most Deserving. Let me beg of you to turn the deaf Ear to *evil Report*, and not be speedily *prejudiced* against any Man, much less your Commanders.

‘IF an Officer need not have all the *Wisdom* of a Privy-Counsellor, he ought, at least, to have that Part that enjoins *Secrecy*. The *Spanish* Proverb is good:—*In a closed Mouth, no Flies enter*.—Execute your Orders in Silence, and let not the most *distant Hint*, of the Conduct of the Army, escape from your *Lips* or your *Pen*. Should you know nothing particular, your Words must be mere Conjecture, and, in all Probability, quite wrong. Should a material Circumstance come to your Knowledge, what *Infamy* must follow your disclosing it!

‘COMPANY and *Chearfulness* are absolutely necessary, but to *drink to Excess* is inexcusable. The *Lives* of *Thousands* depend on the *Sobriety* of Officers.—How can a *Drunkard* guide Men truly, when his own Legs *mutiny*, and refuse his Commands?

‘BE *charitable*; be *generous* according to your Power, but seldom give *Money* to a Soldier. When you think proper to *Reward* or *Encourage*, there are other Ways infinitely more useful to them.

‘ RISE early, and examine your Command;
 ‘ keep them reasonably employ’d, and under the
 ‘ *strictest Discipline*; but let your *own Example*
 ‘ keep Pace with your *Precepts*. Have all your
 ‘ Affairs in so *nice* and *exact* an Order, as to be al-
 ‘ ways *ready* to march at a Moment’s Warning.
 ‘ All Men ought to accustom themselves to *Regu-*
 ‘ *rality*, but none requires it more than a *Soldier*.

‘ YOUR natural *good Temper* will prevent your
 ‘ giving *Offence* to any One, and, perhaps, incline
 ‘ you to bear patiently *those* offered to you; but
 ‘ *have a Care*, and, let what will be the Conse-
 ‘ quence, permit no Man to *Taunt* or *Insult*.—
 ‘ Should the least Particle of *Contempt* fall on you,
 ‘ quit a Service, where you must do *more Harm*
 ‘ than *Good*.

‘ WITH Regard to your *present Enemies*, hold
 ‘ them not *too cheap*.—Speak of them as Men;—
 ‘ as Men of an *unhappy Education*, led away by
 ‘ *false Maxims*, and prejudiced to *erroneous Prin-*
 ‘ *ciples*: They are, or ought to be, our *Brethren*.
 ‘ —Let your *Humanity* extend to them as far as
 ‘ *Safety* and *Prudence* will permit. If absolute and
 ‘ *fatal Necessity* compels you to strike, let the
 ‘ Sword fall from no other Motive but the *General*
 ‘ *Good*.—Let it be *effectual*, but *instant*.—In
 ‘ that unhappy Case, drive every *Womanish Weak-*
 ‘ *ness* from your Heart, and consider, that too much
 ‘ *Lenity* and *Tenderness* may be Cruelty to your
 ‘ Country. —The *Action*, or necessary Pursuit
 ‘ over, let *Clemency* and *Compassion* fill your Breast.
 ‘ —Shou’d you *conquer*, be all *Mildness* and
 ‘ *Charity*. —Comfort the Prisoner; assist the
 ‘ wretched Wounded; speak Peace to despairing
 ‘ Souls, and, if possible, shew them the Joys of
 ‘ *Freedom* and *Liberty*.

‘ BUT I have done, and discharged the Office
 ‘ annex’d to *Love* and *Friendship*. If my Hints
 ‘ are

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'are useless to you, perhaps you may know those
'to whom they may be of Service.

'I SEND you my old faithful Companion *Mon-*
'*seur de Feuquiere*. Read him carefully, for he
'is able to instruct. I likewise send you *Polibius*,
'with the Annotations of *Monsieur de Follard*.

'You find I am an *old Fellow* by my long-
'winded Tale ; but I shall appear more so, when
'you consider I end, (where I ought to have begun)
'by recommending to you, the Service of *God*,
'and Obedience to his Ordinances. A *Righteous*
'and a *Godly Life* is the best Preparative for
'*Death*. Tho' all ought, yet none should be more
'ready to obey *that Call* than a *Soldier*.—His
'*Life* is every Instant, in a *peculiar Manner*, at
'Stake.—Think on this frequently, and your
'Duty to *God* and *Man* will certainly follow.—
'I resign you into his Hands, and most fervently
'pray him to crown your Cause with *Victory*, and
'to *continue his Mercy* to this Land to *latest Poste-*
'*rity*. I am, my dear *Coneyrs*,

Your very affectionate and

Very faithful Servant,

JOSIAH MANLY.

MR. CONYERS was greatly pleas'd at the Sin-
cerity and Goodness of the Colonel. He read
his Letter many Times, and compar'd it with the
Instructions of Mr. *Kindly*, with a determin'd Re-
solution of adhering to both, as far as he was able.
He read *Feuquiere* and *Polibius* with Pleasure, but
Monsieur de la Colonie, and the Maxims of *Turenne*,
afforded equal Instruction and Delight.

CHAP. XII.

*Whither, Oh ! whither do you madly run,
The Sword unsheath'd, and impious War begun ?
What Land, what Wave of boundless Neptunes
Flood*

*Hath not been stain'd, alas ! with British Blood ;
Not that the Rival to the British Fame
Proud France, might tremble at the British Name,
— Not that Iberia, tho' unskill'd in War,
In Chains should follow our triumphal Car ;
But that Rome's Pontiff should his Vows enjoy,
And Britain, Suicide ! herself destroy.*

FRANCIS's 7th Epode of Horace, alter'd.

WHY should I take up the Time of the Reader, by going minutely into the Conduct of the *Rebels* or our own. My Task is only relative to the private Character of *Jack Connor*, or *Mr. Conyers*. A *Lawyer* only speaks from his *Briefs*, and in all those Pages on which *this History* is founded, I find little or no Traces of the Actions of the Times.—I own I met with a Paper, that I suppose serv'd as *Memorandums* and Hints to *Mr. Conyers*. It was dated like a Journal, but gave me little Insight into Affairs. I find the Words—*They slipp'd by—We march'd to—Miss'd again—Slipp'd again—Men much barras'd—Vastly oblig'd to London Subscription—The Inhabitants of * * * * * deserve Encouragement, but the City of * * * * * to be burnt.—Thank God we have got our Troops from Flanders.—The DUKE to command.—Our People in great Spirits... Victory or Death.—Then follow'd in Capital Letters, CULLODEN 16th APRIL 1746. THEY WERE WEIGH'D IN THE BALLANCE, AND FOUND LIGHT.*

WHEN

WHEN he consider'd the happy Consequences of the *Glorious Day*.—That *Freedom, Liberty, Religion, and his Majesty's August Family* were more firmly establish'd and confirm'd to *Great-Britain*.—That a full Period was put to *Blood and Slaughter*, and to that *unnatural Monster, CIVIL WAR*, his Heart *exulted*, and his *Joy* was extream. —He very devoutly return'd his Acknowledgments to *that Providence*, which had so often and so signally preserved our *invaluable Privileges*, and had protected him in the Midst of so many *Dangers*.

HE wrote a particular Account of this Battle to Mr. Sampson and Colonel Manly. He vastly extoll'd the *Skill and Judgment* of the *General*, and the *Valour* of the *Troops*. In his Letter to the Colonel, he has these remarkable Words.

“ I THINK I see all *England* in a *Joy* next
 “ to *Madness*. All admire the *Conduct* and *In-*
 “ *trepidity* of his *Royal Highness*. They can-
 “ not now find *Words* sufficient to express their
 “ Praises. But of you, who know the National
 “ Infirmary, give me leave to ask, *How long*
 “ will this last? —Will they not soon be
 “ equally eager to strip him of his *Laurels*? —
 “ Will not *Envy, Malice, and Disaffection* soon
 “ endeavour to poison the Minds of the People,
 “ and blast the Reputation of him, who risk'd
 “ his own to preserve their *Lives and Proper-*
 “ *ties*? —I fear he must expect such Treatment.
 “ I doubt our *Gratitude*, and most heartily wish,
 “ for the Honour of the Kingdom, that I may
 “ be deceiv'd. —This *War*, and the *Danger* of
 “ it, is over, consequently the *Instruments* of
 “ *Safety*, will soon be sacrific'd to the *Parimony*
 “ of their Purse, and every *disbanded Soldier* ex-
 “ pos'd to the *Insults* of every Peasant. —For
 “ my

“ my own Part, I so much admire the *Military*
 “ *Virtues* of my *Leader* ; he shall command my
 “ *Hand* and my *Heart*, where-ever and as
 “ long as he judges proper.”

HE greatly commiserated the unfortunate Prisoners, now subject to the *injured Laws* of their Country. To avert the Punishment due to such *Crimes*, was not in his Power; but to make them easy, and alleviate their Sorrows, was his daily Employment.—He lay'd no Stress on *Victory*, as it is an uncertain Determination of *Right* or *Wrong*; but he argued in the gentlest Terms, and endeavour'd to convince them, from *History*, *Reason*, and *Experience*, that their *Prejudices* were ill founded.—That, they were a *Dupe* to the Politicks of *France*, and acted like *Children* who disobey the best of *Parents*.——That, as Criminal as they were, his *Majesty* was clothed with *Mercy*, and advised an immediate Application to his *Clemency*.——He shew'd them the Goodness of the late *King* in 1715, and very judiciously referr'd them to the *Memoirs* of *Marchal Villars*, and many other *French Books*, for the opposite Conduct of *Lewis* the Fourteenth to his *Protestant Subjects* in the *Cevennes*, who had taken *Arms* merely to defend their *Religion*, not to *dethrone* their *Monarch*.——Such a Conduct made *Mr. Conyers* vastly beloved, and brought some, who were violent, to think with more *Moderation*. He greatly pity'd the *poor Clans*, as they were bred up in a blind and *implicit Obedience* to their *Chiefs*. He lamented those *Gentlemen* who acted from *Conscience* and *Principle*, but regarded those, as the most wicked of human Beings, whose only Motive was to *fish in Troubled Waters*.

NOT content with this Sort of Behaviour, he endeavour'd to remove *our own Prejudices*, and take off that *Acrimony* and *Ill-nature*, which some of us are too subject too.—He prov'd the *Injustice* and

and Cruelty of Branding a *whole Kingdom*, for the Faults of a *Few*. That, even those *Few* were fall'n *Brethren*, and err'd in their *Duty*, but from their Zeal to *mistaken* Opinions. That, most of them deserv'd our *Pity* more than our *Anger*. That, so far from perpetuating *Animosity*, all Encouragement and Regard should be shewn to the *Good*, and every Scheme set on Foot to convert the *Bad*.---Time and proper Management, would convince every Mortal, that, as a *Union of Minds* was our *reciprocal* Interest, so *Love* and *Friendship* would soon make us, the *affectionate Children of an indulgent Parent*.

HAPPY, thrice *Happy* should we be, if every Man reason'd like Mr. *Conyers*!—*Division* and *Envy*, and *Malice* and *Madness* would cease to *distract* and *confound* the real *Beauty* and *Harmony* of our most excellent *Constitution*.—Were our *Souls* cemented by *Love*, *Tenderness* and *Charity*.---Did we take half the Pains to *assist*, as we do to *destroy* each other, what *Joys* would not this *Land* afford!—With what *Respect* would *Foreign Nations* behold us!—What *Terror* to our *Enemies*, and to the *Disturbers of Europe*!

C H A P. XIII.

*Quoth Hudibras, the Case is clear,
As thou hast prov'd it by their Practice,
No Argument like Matter of Fact is;
And we are best of all led to
Mens Principles by what they do.*

HUDIBRAS.

CERTAINLY it is almost Time to proceed to the personal Account of *Lieutenant Conyers*, but I must crave a little Indulgence for the

the following Chapter, and shall then follow him more closely.

AMONGST the Manuscripts so often mention'd, I found one, relative to the unhappy Subject of last Chapter. I suppose Mr. *Conyers* had seen some of the *Declarations* published by the Son of the Pretender, which induc'd him to form one, by way of *Parody*, and by taking off the *Mask*, shew the *Picture* in a full and just Light.—Whether this Piece was publish'd or not, I cannot learn, but to omit it, in this its proper Place, would be unpardonable in a *Faithful Historian*, to which honourable Title I hope I have a Right.—The Paper runs thus:

‘ THE DECLARATION of ———

‘ By Command of our R——l F———;
 ‘ the Divine Permission of his Holiness the
 ‘ Pope; the Assistance of his most Christi-
 ‘ an, and the good Wishes of his most Ca-
 ‘ tholick Majesty, aided and supported by
 ‘ the Alms and Prayers of all true Sons
 ‘ of the Church, we send this our Decla-
 ‘ ration to the People of *England*, Greet-
 ‘ ing.

‘ You must be all convinced, that the unhappy
 ‘ Fate of our Grand Father *King James* the Second,
 ‘ (of Glorious and Pious Memory) was owing to
 ‘ the *Infidelity* and *Cowardice* of his Fleets and
 ‘ Armies.

‘ As your *Cowardice* and *Infidelity* were the Ruin
 ‘ and Subversion of our august House, we trust,
 ‘ that the same Principles are capable of *Restoring*
 ‘ us to the Throne of our Ancestors.

‘ To obviate every Difficulty to these our just
 ‘ and laudable Purposes, we shall, by the Autho-
 ‘ rity aforesaid, convince this Nation, that our Rule
 ‘ will

'will be salutary, and extend to the Happiness of every Individual.'

'THE *Riot* and *Habeas Corpus Acts*, are equally dangerous, and shall, with the Advice of Friends, be abrogated or suspended, until a Regulation can be made, and the *Holy Inquisition* introduced into the Kingdom.

'As the Grand and Petty Juries are the greatest Evils of Civil Government, they shall be abolished, and the Judges whom we shall think proper to appoint, shall finally hear and determine all criminal Causes.'

'PROCESSES in Civil Affairs are most shamefully and abominably abus'd. The Decision of *Property*, as now manag'd, is a Matter that greatly affects our humane Heart, and until a proper Method can be fix'd on for abridging the Laws, we shall take the contested *Lands* or *Property*, into our Care and Guardianship.'

'THE Insufficiency of the *Statute* and *Common Law* of *England*, absolutely require an explaining and a *Dispensing* Power. We shall therefore, once more, establish a *Star Chamber Court* in its fullest Extent.'

'THE many Evils arising from Clandestine Marriages is a Scandal to the Nation, and Ruin to many Thousand Families. To remedy which we shall immediately erect a *Court of Wards*, as in the Days of our illustrious Ancestors.'

'THE Education of Youth is a Matter of the highest Importance. Our Vigilance shall watch over those mighty Seminaries *Oxford* and *Cambridge*. Their Learning is too cramped and confin'd, but by the Assistance of *Mandamus*, we shall throw in such Fellow Labourers from the *Sorbonne*, and *St. Omers*, as will soon inculcate our grand Design.'

'LIBERTY

' LIBERTY is the greatest Blessing Man can en-
 ' joy, but the Abuse of that Liberty, the greatest
 ' Curse. To avoid the latter, and yet keep strictly
 ' to the former, it is our sincere and determin'd Re-
 ' solution, to indulge every Man in the peaceable
 ' and quiet Liberty of THINKING. Nevertheless,
 ' tho' we would shew our great Moderation and
 ' Lenity, our true Intent and Meaning is, That
 ' should any Person presume to do more than mere-
 ' ly THINK, he shall not only incur our highest
 ' Displeasure, but be delivered to the *Ecclesiastical*
 ' *Jurisdiction*, over whom we do not pretend to
 ' have any Power, consequently the Door of our
 ' natural Clemency will be shut against him.'

' FROM our unbounded Charity to weak and ten-
 ' der Minds, and in Imitation of our illustrious
 ' Grandfather, (of blessed Memory) it is our firm
 ' Resolution to grant a *plenary Indulgence* and full
 ' *Liberty of Conscience* to all Sects and Religions
 ' whatsoever; that they shall exercise and enjoy
 ' all their respective Rites and Ceremonies in the
 ' amplest Manner, until the *true and infallible*
 ' *Church* has taken Root and spread its Branches,
 ' but no longer.

THE Liberty of the Press is an Abomination in
 ' the Sight of God and Man. Such Power in the
 ' Hands of Unbelievers and *Hereticks*, gave Rise to
 ' vile Writings and Infinity of Blasphemies against
 ' the most Highest; nay, it has dar'd to open its
 ' Mouth against the *Majesty of Kings*;—To con-
 ' temn and make odious that great Bulwark of Mo-
 ' narchy, The antient System of *Divine, Hereditary*
 ' and *indefeasible Right* of Princes and Potentates;—
 ' To stir up the Rabble against that mild and peace-
 ' able Doctrine of *Non-Resistance* and *Passive Ob-*
 ' *dience*;—To undermine all the Ordinances of our
 ' Holy *Mother Church*;—To reproach us with
 ' *Idolatry*, Cruelty and Superstition, and above all,

'it has been so wicked, to set before the Vulgar
'and Ignorant, the whole Works of the *Prophets*
'and *Apostles*, without the Aid of *Hebrew* or *Greek*,
'to the great Discouragement of Learning, and
'Increase of Impiety.---From a thorough Con-
'viction of such horrid Practices, we shall, in due
'Time, Commission Thirty of our most able Ec-
'clesiasticks to read and examine all Manuscripts,
'and Licence such only to be printed, which they
'shall judge for the Honour of God, or *our own*
'Benefit.'

'As no true Son of the Church can with Pati-
'ence hear of the Havock and Devestation the
'House of TUDOR made of her Lands and Re-
'venues, nor of the many Robberies and Impieties
'committed in those barbarous Times against the
'*Holy See*, and the cloister'd Saints whom God had
'so plentifully scatter'd over the Land, our Pious
'Intention is, so soon as Affairs will permit, to re-
'instate our *Holy Mother Church* into those Lands
'and Revenues, granted her by the Charity of good
'Christians.---By the Account furnish'd us by our
'Holy Father, it is with the greatest Joy we find,
'that we shall be enabled to present to the Labourers
'in the Vineyard of God, a comfortable and rea-
'sonable Subsistence, tho' it but a little exceeds *Two*
'*Thirds* of the Lands of the Kingdom.

'In fine, Let us conjure you by the Duty you
'owe God's Hereditary Vicegerent: By the Love
'of Peace and Tranquillity, and by the Honour of
'our supreme and infallible Judge, to hear and con-
'sider these, our real and sincere Porposes, stripp'd
'of any the least Disguise.---Consider our Situation
'---Regard our Sword!---Consider, That the most
'Christian King is our Support; the most Catho-
'lick, our Helper; and those in the Mountains,
'Asserters of our Right.---Let therefore, no un-
'sanctify'd *Bishop* preach you from your Duty,
'bu

‘ but remember the Happiness, the mighty Happiness we intend to bestow upon you, and be assured on the Faith of a Family who *never forfeited their Word*.—On the Faith of a Family, whose *Virtues* and *Heroick Deeds* are so fully recorded in your Histories, that we shall, not only strictly perform the several Articles in this our gracious Declaration, but shall take all Occasions, and watch all Opportunities of leading you more and more to a State of Perfection here on Earth, and to a State of everlasting Bliss in the World to come. Given at——.

C H A P. XIV.

*Now, by the Foot, the flying Foot were slain ;
Horse, trod by Horse, lay foaming on the Plain.
From the dry Fields, thick Clouds of Dust arise,
Shade the black Host, and intercept the Skies ;
The brass-hoof'd Steeds tumultuous plunge and bound,*

And the thick Thunder beats the lab'ring Ground.

POPE'S Homer.

DOMESTICK Peace was once more established, and the late confus'd and distracted Kingdom, now, more sensibly felt the Joys of publick Tranquillity.

THE War with *France* still rag'd in *Flanders*, and requir'd the Presence of those Troops, which a Rebellion had compell'd to withdraw from their Allies, and the necessary Orders were dispatch'd for embarking sundry Corps. Mr. *Conyers* was presented to a Troop of Dragoons under these Orders. He now equipt himself in a much better Manner, and was so employ'd, that he had not Time to visit his Friends ; but contented himself with tender Letters to Mr. *Sampson*, Colonel *Manly*, and Doc-

for *Grace*.--When the Regiments were compleated, the final Orders were given, and Captain *Conyers* attended his Duty.

HE certainly observed a profound Silence on the Military Operations, for I only found some Orderly Books, written in his own Hand, which, undoubtedly, every Officer ought to do.

FOR the Marches and Encampments of the Army, I must refer to the Gazettes of the Time.--As I ever consult the Ease of my Reader, he will not condemn my Silence, when he considers I have no Lights to guide either Him or myself into Affairs so much above our Knowledge.--However I must follow the Glimmerings I have, and pursue him through his Variety of Marches and foraging Parties, till I find him encamp'd near *Maestricht*. I must attend him in crossing the *Maese* with the Army, and encamping in the Vicinity of the *French*, but, even to the Night before the last Battle, I have nothing particular to mention.--This Night, indeed, an Affair happened, which makes so material a Part of this History, that compels a Recital, tho' with my usual Brevity.

THE Captain had been order'd, with Detachments from other Regiments, on a Command to *Venlo*, for Forage. Disputes frequently happen on these Occasions, which the Commanding Officer must be extreamly careful to prevent.--- By an Officer's insisting to be serv'd out of his Tour, a Quarrel began : The Clamour was great ; but the Captain running to the Spot, exerted his Authority, and directed the Forage in the proper Channel. The Officer whose Name was *Thornton*, and a Lieutenant of Dragoons, was much out of Humour, and dropt some Words, as much as to say, --- Captain *Conyers* would not be always at the Head of a Command !

THE Foraging being over, they return'd to *Maestricht*,

Maeſtricht, where the Captain found an Order, from the Adjutant-General, to join the Army as ſpeedily as poſſible, after the Men and Horſes were reſreſh'd. He communicated this Order to the Officers of the Party, and directed them to join at the Port, preciſely at Two 'Clock in the Morning. Theſe Orders were given to the Men, and he invited the Officers to ſup with him at the *Helmet*, and Lieutenant *Thornton* was of the Party. This Gentleman was younger than Captain *Conyers*, but in his Size, and many other Reſpects, extreamly reſembled him. He had a very good Character in the Army, but was too apt to imagine an Affront, where none was intended. As he was well lik'd for many good Qualities, this Fault was imputed to his Youth, and Want of Experience.

LIEUTENANT *Thomas* was likewise of the Company. He was an elderly, rough Sort of a Man, who, from a low Station, had, by Accident, arriv'd to this Rank. He was educated, and took his Degrees, in a *Stable*, and, forgetful of the Title he was honour'd with by his Majesty's Commission, ſwore and talk'd as if ſtill a Dragoon. This Gentleman began the Affair of the Forage, and ſeem'd to think that Lieutenant *Thornton*, had been injur'd.-- 'By the L--d, ſaid he, if any Man had ſerv'd me ſo, I'd have ſhewn him the Difference.—Sir, reply'd Mr. *Thornton*, I know as well any Man, when I am ill uſed, and ſhall take a proper Time to explain myſelf.'—Sir, ſaid the Captain, who began to be warm, I don't know the Meaning of all this ; but ſhould you imagine any ill Treatment, I beg you will ſhew the Manner, and you ſhall find me vaſtly ready to give you every Satisfaction in my Power.—Spoke, cry'd *Thomas*, like a Gentleman, and Man of Honour.'—Sir, ſaid *Thornton*, ſince I

' must speak, I must tell you, I am a Gentleman of Family and Fortune, perhaps, superior to yourself ! You insulted me at *Venlo* ; you stopt my Men in their Duty, in a rude and uncivil Manner. This, Sir, may injure my Character and Honour, and calls for immediate Satisfaction.'——
' That's right, *said Thomas*, the present Time is always the best, therefore, my Advice is, to take a cool Turn on the *Parade*, and decide the Matter like *Friends* and Men of Honour.'——*Thornton* rose up as did Captain *Conyers*.——The rest of the Company interpos'd, and contrary to all Mr. *Thomas's* Arguments, oblig'd them to sit down in Peace.

THE young Lieutenant was on fire, and the Captain almost as hot ; but a little Reflection brought him to his Reason.——Gentlemen, *said the Captain*, I am sorry for this Affair, and believe I can convince Mr. *Thornton* of a mistaken Point of Honour.——' By the L—d, *said Thomas*, your only best Way, is, by the Point of the Sword.'——Sir! *said the Captain*, with a strong Emphasis, Did I affront you, too?—' No, Sir, *said Thomas* not me.'——Then, Sir, *reply'd the other*, let me advise you, as you regard your Commission, or your Safety, no more to interfere in our Disputes.'——*Thomas* bit his Lips, but, prudently held his Tongue.--*Conyers* turn'd to Mr. *Thornton*, and said, —' You have desir'd Satisfaction, Sir, and it is my Duty to give it, but permit me first to say, I think you began at the wrong End. What Satisfaction could my Life have afforded you, or your Death have given me, your Family or Friends?— I hope we have had Time to reflect on the Consequences of too precipitate a Resolution.'--' Sir, *reply'd Thornton*, the Honour of an Officer is a tender Point.'--' I confess it, *said the Captain*, and therefore ought to be tenderly used.--No Satisfaction

'tisfaction, Sir, can equal a Conviction of being in an Error.--Here, Sir, are the Orders I received, and submit to the Gentlemen present, if I exceeded them, or shew'd the least Partiality.'--The Company agreed, that he could not avoid acting as he did; *and he proceeded*:-- 'As to your Family and Fortune, they are in this Case, quite out of the Question. I own, Sir, I was in an Hurry to prevent a Dispute; but if any Expressions of Rudeness or Incivility escap'd from me, I am sorry for it, and before these Gentlemen, most heartily ask your Pardon. This, Sir, I hope, is the *rational* and just *Satisfaction* one Gentleman ought to ask of another; if *more* is requir'd, I must comply, tho' with Reluctance.

ALL the Company, except *Lieutenant Thomas*, who was asleep, cry'd out,--*No Gentleman can desire more*, and greatly prais'd *Captain Conyers*.--*Mr. Thornton* confess'd his Error, excused himself for his Rashness, and begg'd that no more might be said about it.--The *Captain*, affectionately embracing him, wish'd for an Opportunity of shewing his Regard and Friendship.-- 'What Pity it is,' *said he*, that *trivial* and *insignificant* Words should raise our Anger, to the Destruction of our *Peace* and *Happiness*, and that Incendiaries are not more severely punish'd.--Had not this good Company been more prudent than *Two* of us, and honefter than a *Third*, One might, by this Time, have slept with his Fathers, and perhaps both.--But, come Gentlemen, let us prepare for Duty where *real Honour* Calls. Let us fight with the *common Enemy*, but never amongst ourselves.--One Bottle more and then'-- And then, *said Mr. Thornton*, have at the *French*.--They finish'd two Bottles with great Harmony, and often drank Success to the *Duke*, and precisely

at the Time appointed, march'd out of *Maestricht*, and soon arrived at the Camp.

THIS proved a very *busy Day*, and made the small Village of *LAWFELD* Famous.--Those who desire an Account of the Battle, must not apply to me, for my whole Attention is taken up with Capt. *Conyers*.--When our *Dragoons* were order'd to Charge, the *Captain* did singular Service. He rescued his Major, and a Lieutenant-Colonel of another Regiment.--He stopp'd several Parties who were driving to their Ruin, and directed them where to turn their Swords.--His *Head* and his *Hands* were at Work, and in short, as the *French* Memoir Writers phrase it, *He perform'd Prodigies of Valour*.--In the Midst of this, he saw Lieutenant *Thornton*, with the greatest Bravery, waging unequal War, for he was surrounded by three Cavaliers.--In an Instant, he flew to his Relief, and effectually took Care of one. By this Time Mr. *Thornton* was wounded in many Places, and on the Ground. The *Captain* received a violent Blow on his Head, and two Wounds on his left Shoulder. His Horse was shot, but he manfully defended the Body of his Friend on Foot. Finding the Foe encircas'd, he desir'd *Quarters*, and resign'd his Sword to an Officer who had just come up.---At first he imagin'd Mr. *Thornton* was kill'd; but observing some Signs of Life, he persuaded some of the *French* to carry him to a Place of Safety, and was conducted along with him by the Officer, who was a Gentleman of great Humanity. All possible Care was taken of both; and, the Action over, they were sent to the *Tongres* with other Prisoners.

THE Gentleman to whom he had surrender'd, was the *Marquis de Brissac*, Colonel of a Regiment of *Dragoons*. His Politeness and good Manners, corresponded with his Quality. He daily visited the Captain, and procur'd him and Mr. *Thornton*

ton

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ton every Necessary.—The Lieutenant had been severely treated, having no less than seven Wounds in the Head, Shoulders, and Body. Two of them were dangerous, but his Youth and good Constitution surmounted the Difficulty. In three Weeks the Surgeons declar'd him in a fair Way of Recovery ; but it would require great Time.

THE *Marquis* was extremely pleas'd, and express'd himself very genteely on the Occasion. He assur'd him, that assisting two such valiant Gentlemen was the highest Proof of his good Fortune.—

' Tho' I was not, *said he*, a Witness of your Bravery, I am sure it must have been great, but the Courage of the *Captain* in defending you, is what I shall ever esteem and admire him for. To his Valour you really owe your Life, more than to my endeavours to save it.'

As our two Prisoners recover'd their Strength, the *Marquis* introduced them to the *Duke D'Ayen*, with other Officers of Family and Distinction, and every Politeness and Respect was paid them.— They had now their own Servants and Necessaries, and a Credit for Money. In two Months *Capt. Conyers* was in good Health, but his Left Arm was useless. He got Permission, on his Parole, to go to his Regiment, but promis'd his Friend to return soon, and, if possible, go with him to *Aix-la-Chapelle*, which was necessary for both.

CAPTAIN *Conyers* was received with the greatest Joy by his Corps, and highly honour'd by his Superiors. He spoke of Mr. *Thornton* in so noble a Manner, that the *Duke* gave him a Troop of Dragoons, and Permission to both, to go to *Aix*, or where they thought proper, to establish their Health. *Capt. Thornton* was extremely sensible of the Bounty and Goodness of his *Royal Highness*, and affectionately embracing *Conyers*, called him his *Father*,

Brother,

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 313

Brother, and Preserver, and vow'd a perpetual Friendship. Capt. Conyers, was not behind Hand, and promis'd to attend him, and, if possible, never to part.

As soon as Capt. Thornton was able to travel, the Friends took their Leave of the Marquis de Brissac, the Duke d' Ayen, and others, in the politest Terms, and testify'd their Gratitude for all the Civilities receiv'd. Capt. Thornton could not think of going to Aix till he had paid his Duty to the Duke, and kiss'd that Hand which had so nobly rewarded his little Services. He met with a most gracious Reception, and in a few Days left the Camp.

CAPT. Thornton was the Second Son of Sir Roger Thornton, a Gentleman of large Fortune in Ireland and in Essex, and a Member of the House of Commons. He was about Twenty-four Years of Age, spoke French and Italian perfectly well, and understood Drawing and those Branches of the Mathematicks, so necessary to every Officer who chooses to distinguish himself. Sir Roger allow'd him Three Hundred Pounds a Year, but on this Occasion he very liberally supply'd him. He wrote Capt. Conyers a most obliging Letter, for his Son had inform'd him of the obligations he lay under. The young Captain received many Letters from his Uncle the Earl of Mountworth, in which Mr. Conyers was always honourably mention'd.

CAPT. Thornton recover'd very slowly, and Capt. Conyers's Arm prov'd much worse than was at first imagin'd. They stay'd a long Time at Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa, and were determin'd to go to England; but the Peace being just sign'd, they chang'd their Resolution, and set out for France.

C H A P. XV.

*Of all the Virtues, Justice is the best ;
 Valour, without it, is a common Pest :
 Pyrates and Thieves, too oft with Courage grac'd,
 Shew us how ill That Virtue may be plac'd :
 'Tis our Complexion makes us chaste or brave ;
 Justice from Reason, and from Heav'n we have :
 All other Virtues dwell but in the Blood ;
 That in the Soul, and gives the Name of Good.*

WALLER.

ON their Arrival at *Paris*, they hir'd very grand Apartments in the best *Hotel*. In a few Days they were prepar'd to visit the *Marquis de Brissac* and the *Duke d' Ayen*, who received them with Marks of the greatest Respect and Esteem. They were visited in Return, and soon made acquainted with the Families of the First Distinction. The *Marquis* recommended the ablest Surgeon, and they went on very successfully under his Care.

THEY had been about a Month at *Paris*, when one Day Capt. *Conyers* took it into his Head to dress himself as formerly, and dine at the *old Ordinary*. The People of the House immediately recollected him, and were much rejoic'd at his Return.——It seems *Paris* had greatly miss'd the *English Guineas* that so plentifully roll'd about before the War, and now promis'd themselves that my Lord *Anglais* would soon pay the Expence of all their *Fireworks* and *Illuminations*.——He found none of his former Acquaintances at Table ; but after Dinner he begg'd the good Woman would accept of a Pot of Coffee, and enquired after them.

' *MONSIEUR Maquereau*, said she, had very bad

'bad Fortune at *Play*, and was so reduc'd, that for
'some Time he liv'd on the Women of the Town,
'but at last he got *Religion* into his Head, and
'went into *La Trappe*——The *Chevalier Fanfaron*
'was very unlucky, for about a Year ago he *died*
'of his Wounds.'— 'I suppose, *said Conyers*, that
'the *Chevalier* had an Affair of Honour, and fell
'by it.'—— 'All I know, *said the Landlady*, is,
'the *Chevalier* kill'd a Gentleman one Night on
'*Pont-Neuf*, and was so unfortunate as to be taken
'and *broke Alive* on the Wheel, at the *Greve*.'—
'so much for the *Chevalier*, *said the Captain*, but
'you don't tell me a Word of my good Friend
'*Monsieur Pensé*. I hope no Accident has hap-
'pen'd to him.'— 'Ah poor Gentleman! *said she*.
'Indeed he is greatly to be pity'd. 'Tis now just two
'Years since the *Archers* got into his Lodgings, took
'him out of Bed, seiz'd all his Papers and Effects,
'and carry'd him to the *Bastile*. God knows if he
'be dead or alive. Some body said he was a *Spy* for
'the *English*, and so the poor good Man was ruin'd.'

THE Captain enquir'd for no more, but finish'd
the Coffee, thank'd the good Woman, and went
in a Hurry to his Lodgings. He was vastly mov'd
at the Fate of *Pensé*, and determin'd to try his Inte-
rest to save him, if it was not too late.——He soon
dress'd, and follow'd Captain *Thornton* to the
Marquis's, where he had din'd. The Company
were inform'd of the Morning *dishabille*, and impu-
ted it, and his long Stay, to some Affair of *Gal-*
lantry, on which he was heartily rally'd. He rally'd
in his Turn, and the Conversation fell into the
usual Channel.——The *Duke d'Ayen* came in soon
after, and in a little Time the whole Company
went to the *Opera*.

CAPTAIN *Conyers* took Care to place himself
next to the *Duke*, and at last found an Opportunity
of mentioning the Case of *Pensé*. He concluded

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with assuring his Lordship, that he held the Office of a *Spy* in the utmost Contempt: 'But, *said he*, 'this unhappy Man has formerly render'd me 'more Services than I can ever repay, therefore I 'hope your Lordship will consider the Gratitude I 'owe, and grant a Favour to me, and not to him.'
 — 'I protest, *said the Duke*, I never heard of 'this Man, but all in my Power you may com- 'mand. I shall speak to my Father, (*Marshal* 'Noilles) and Interest myself to the utmost. Should 'I succeed, you shall soon hear of it, but my 'Silence will convince you of the Impossibi- 'lity.

CONYERS pass'd four Days in great Anxiety, but the fifth he had a Visit from the *Duke*, who, after some Conversation, told him, his Friend was alive. — 'Then my Lord, *said the Captain*, so 'am I. This is a great Point gain'd, but I hope 'more remains.' — 'Yes, *reply'd the Duke*, I 'will not keep you longer in Suspence. The '*Marshal* with some Difficulty, undertook the 'Cause, and I have brought you an Order to the 'Governour, to deliver Mr. *Pensè* and all his Ef- 'fects into your Hands, but with this Injunction, 'that he quits *Paris* in twenty-four Hours, and 'France in a Week.' — The Captain took the Or- der and most heartily thank'd the Duke. — 'I know 'not, *said this Nobleman*, how *Pensè* escap'd, for 'he has been a most notorious Offender, but his 'Art was great, and by little Discoveries pro- 'tracted his Time so long, that I believe, at last, 'they were asham'd to hang him. — But I see you 'are impatient to be the Messenger of good News, 'and shall only add, that I expect you To-mor- 'row at Dinner.' — He was in the highest Delight, and immediately drove to the *Bastile*, accompany'd by Captain *Thornton*.

THE proper Compliments being paid to the Go-
 vernour,

vernour, the Captain mention'd Mr. *Pensè*, but was answer'd civilly, tho' in a cold unsatisfactory Manner.— ' Sir, *said the Captain*, I believe I have a Paper in my Hand, that will convince you I am not here to ask impertinent Questions.'—When the Governour had read and carefully examin'd the Order, he behav'd quite in another Manner, and directed a Servant to call Mr. *Pensè* to him.—He spoke much of the poor Man, but seem'd to hint, that all Things consider'd, he had surprising good Fortune.—*Pensè* was conducted into the Chamber, but his Countenance was so chang'd, that his Friend scarcely knew him.—He bow'd and trembled.—A small Silence interven'd, but, fixing his Eyes intently on Captain *Conyers*, and, at last, crediting their Evidence, he cry'd out—*It is he*, and flew to his Arms. He hung on his Neck. He had not Words to testify his Amazement. He clasp'd him, and was in an Agony of Joy, till Tears moderated the Excess. He sobb'd, and ask'd broken Questions, every Moment embracing his Friend.—The Scene was very moving, nor could the *Captains* refrain the manly honest Tribute of a Tear.

THE Governour told Mr. *Pensè* that he was at Liberty to go with the Gentlemen. That his Papers were sealed up, as was the Value of his Effects in a Box, which he might take with him, but gave him the Orders about quitting the Kingdom.—Mr. *Pensè* made many Compliments, but seem'd to wish he was out of the Walls, which half an Hour saw done, and the Captain conducted him to his Lodgings.

As his Time was to be short in *Paris*, they abridg'd a thousand Questions to each other, and reserv'd them for a more favourable Opportunity, only the *Captain* mention'd the Situation he was in, as

to Rank and Fortune, which gave the old Man a most sensible Pleasure.--They now examin'd his *Finances*, and found he had a Remainder of Six hundred Pounds *Sterling*. They debated on the Application of the Money, but found that the mere Interest would by no means afford him a decent Maintenance.-- 'My dear Friend, *said Pensè*, let me settle this Affair.--Take the Money and allow me what you think proper, by way of Pension, during my Life.'--Be it so, *reply'd the Captain*, and immediately drew up a little Instrument, and gave him a Letter to his Banker in *London*, to honour his Bills for *Twenty Five Pounds every three Months*. ---Poor *Pensè* once more shed Tears, and could only add-----*You are too good, and I am too happy*.

MANY Towns were propos'd for his Residence, for to *England* he could not safely go, and the Captain fix'd on *Brussels* as a cheap and agreeable Place. Matters being thus adjusted, they pass'd the Remainder of the Day to their mutual Satisfaction, and next Morning *Pensè* bid Adieu to his faithful Friend, and took the Coach to *Lisle*, but not before the Captain had oblig'd him to accept of *Forty Pieces*.

PERHAPS I ought to extol the Good-nature of Capt. *Conyers*--- To paint his Friendship in the brightest Colours, and shew the Amiability and Self-Satisfaction of a grateful Heart.--By so doing, should I not deprive my Reader of the Pleasure of doing it himself?--When I consult my own Ease, 'tis only with a View of indulging his Judgment.

C H A P. XVI.

— *His curdling Blood forgot to glide ;
Confusion on his fainting Vitals hung,
And fault'ring Accents flutter'd on his Tongue.*

GARTH.

CAPT. Thornton was not yet quite cured; for his Wounds, by some little Irregularities, had frequently open'd. Capt. Conyers was perfectly recover'd; and as his Regiment had been for some Time in *England*, he began to consider that his Duty requir'd his Presence. Whilst he was preparing to attend it, he received a Letter that gave him Pain and Pleasure. In short, the Regiment was broke. He was now his own Master, and determin'd to stay with his Friend till he was quite fit to travel.

' SINCE, said he, I am now at full liberty and have an easy Fortune, ought I not to think on those Friends to whom I owe my very Being? Perhaps that dear good Man Mr. *Kindly*, or some of his Family may want my assistance. — Perhaps I may be useful to the worthy Lord *Truegood* or his charming Sons. Heavens! what a Joy must I not feel at contributing to their Satisfaction! What pleasure will they not receive at seeing their little *Jack* compleatly happy! — Ought I not to think on my Mother? ought I not to seek her out and relieve her distresses? and have I not neglected these Duties too long? — Such thoughts made him glow with alternate Shame and Pleasure, and determin'd him to Visit *Ireland* as soon as possible.

THE Captains pass'd their Time in *Paris* in the most agreeable Manner, and were much respected by

by the Ladies. I find a few Hints that persuade me, they were not without Amusements of a delicate Nature; but as the Papers are silent as to the Particulars, so must I.

It happen'd that Capt. *Magrath* of Lord *Clare's* Regiment, had lately taken Apartments in the same *Hotel*. This Gentleman thought it his Duty to pay his Respects to the two *English* Officers, and made them a very civil Visit. They received him in a polite Manner, and in an Hour's Conversation found out his *Rank* and his Character. He was of a lively Soldier-like Disposition, and very communicative. His Father had quitted *Ireland*, and follow'd the Fortune of *King James the Second*. He was born in *France*, but spoke *English* with a prodigious *Irish* Accent, tho' he had never been in that Kingdom. He told them of the vast Estate his Father lost in *Ireland*, and how near he was, the other Day of recovering it. He spoke of the War in *Germany* and in *Flanders*, and gave them a History of his own Exploits. He mention'd the Valour of the *Irish*, and without considering the *French Policy*, seem'd to glory in their being sent foremost on the most desperate Attacks.—His Conversation, and the Oddity of his Language, was agreeable enough, and made our Friends desire a further Acquaintance.

In a few Days he invited them to a genteel Supper, with two other Officers of the *Irish Brigade*. The Chat turn'd on War, and Capt. *Magrath* spoke very eloquently on *Sieges* and *Battles*, for he could really speak on little else.—One of the Officers, in a laughing Way, mention'd something of an unfortunate Expedition into *Spain*, which oblig'd the Captain to enlarge upon it.—

Gentlemen, said he, I must tell you my fatal Story.—You must know, that my Father's Brother, that is, my Uncle by the *Father's Side*, was

a Mer.

' a Merchant at *Cadiz*. He was as rich as a thou-
 ' sand *Jews*, and always promis'd to make me his
 ' *Son and Heir*, but—the Devil fire all Priests!—
 ' About seventeen or eighteen Years ago, a Son of
 ' a Whore, one *Father Kelly*, came over from
 ' *Ireland*, and brought his Sister with him. She was
 ' the Widow of one *Squire Connor*, and young and
 ' handsome enough.—What will you have of it,
 ' but my foolish Uncle got acquainted with this *Fa-*
 ' *ther Kelly* and his Sister, and by my own *Sowle* he
 ' married her.—To be sure I wrote to my Uncle,
 ' and *towld* him what a *Fool* he was, and what a
 ' *Rogue* he was to cheat a Gentleman *like me*, and
 ' his own *Flesh and Blood*. The old Fellow was
 ' very saucy, and by my own *Sowle* I had a great
 ' Mind to go to *Spain* and *beat his Coat*.—Well,
 ' Gentlemen, about two Years ago I got a Letter
 ' from a Friend at *Cadiz*, that my Uncle was grow-
 ' ing sickly; so I took Post, thinking to make it
 ' up with him, but by my *Sowle* I *was late*, for the
 ' old *Teef* hid himself under Ground.—Now, will
 ' you believe it? The Devil take me, and I swear
 ' by him that made me, if the old *Rogue* left me a
 ' *Grey Groat*.—I spoke to *Madam my Aunt*, and
 ' towld her of my Journey, and my great Expences,
 ' and of the Wrong she did me, and the like, and
 ' only begg'd her to let us fairly divide the Money
 ' betwixt us. The Lady began to laugh, but said
 ' she had some Commiseration on me, and made
 ' some fine Speeches, but the Devil a Farthing would
 ' she give but *four hundred Pistoles*. I took the Mo-
 ' ney, and giving her a hearty Curse, wish'd her
 ' and her *thirty thousand Pound* at Hell,—' You
 ' had hard Fortune, indeed, *said Capt. Thornton*,
 ' but perhaps she may make you Amends some
 ' Time or other.'—' Sir, *reply'd Magrath*, I shall
 ' never trouble her *no more*. I am now a Captain

‘ in the *first best* Regiment in *Europe*; I have the
 ‘ *Cross of St. Lewis*, which the King gave me, be-
 ‘ cause I would’nt be kill’d at *Phillipsbourg*, and I
 ‘ have a *Royal Donation of Three Hundred Livres*
 ‘ a Year, so, my Dear, what do I want?—I love
 ‘ my Friends, and my good Friends love me; and
 ‘ I vow to God, I am as happy as the *King him-*
 ‘ *self*, God blefs him.—I love my Countrymen,
 ‘ the *Irish*, and I love the *English* well enough,
 ‘ but, *Faith and Sowle*, they are too hard upon
 ‘ us.’

CAPTAIN *Thornton* observ’d a peculiar Gravity
 in the Countenance of his Friend, and thought,
 by changing the Current of Conversation, to remove
 it. He try’d many Ways, but *Conyers* seem’d lost
 in Thought. His Silence gave a serious Turn to
 the Company, and they broke up much sooner than
 was intended.

NEXT Morning Captain *Thornton* had a very
 early Visit from Mr. *Conyers*, for he had not slept.
 —‘ My dear *Thornton*, said *he*, you must wonder
 ‘ at my Behaviour, but I insist on your Friendship,
 ‘ and beg you will not require an Explanation of
 ‘ the only Thing I cannot divulge.’——*Thorn-*
ton imagin’d a Quarrel, and rose in a Hurry to stop
 his going out of the Room.—His Friend could not
 forbear laughing at his serious Figure, but assuring
 him, on his Honour, that a Quarrel was the least
 in his Thoughts, the other was pacify’d, and re-
 turn’d to his Bed.——‘ I am, said *Conyers*, in the
 ‘ oddest Situation, perhaps, ever Man was in. I
 ‘ am far from unhappy; but some Doubts and
 ‘ Anxieties so much torment me, that I cannot be
 ‘ at Peace till they are satisfy’d.’——‘ Dear *Conyers*,
 ‘ said the other, I hope you will indulge me with
 ‘ my Share of what gives you Uneasiness; I think
 ‘ I have a just Claim to it.’——‘ I believe, reply’d
 ‘ *Conyers*,

'Conyers, your Friendship is sincere; but my Case is of such a Nature, that, as you cannot assist me, I must only desire your Patience.'

He revolv'd a thousand Projects to bring about his Affair in the properest Manner. He remember'd *Father Kelly*, and call'd back every Circumstance of his Childhood so clearly, that he had not the least Doubt but Mrs. *Magrath* was his Mother.

—He reflected on her Features, and brought her Face familiar to his Imagination.—He own'd she had not been the tenderest of Parents, but *Nature* spoke, and threw her Faults into the most favourable Light.—He ardently wish'd to embrace her, and, as his filial Affection arose, the tender Tear fell down his Cheeks.—The good, the humane Heart, will not call this an unmanly Weakness.—The Sensations of his Soul were natural, and the Result of an honest Mind.—At last he determin'd on a Journey to *Cadiz*, and went immediately to Mr. *Waters*, his Banker, for proper Letters.

WHILST he was speaking to this Gentleman on the necessary Credit he might want, he took an Opportunity of asking him if he knew Mr. *Magrath*, who had been a Merchant at *Cadiz*.—'Yes, Sir, reply'd Mr. *Waters*, extreamly well, for he was my Correspondent many Years.'—'I hear, said the Captain, he has left a Widow, and should be glad to know if she be alive.'—'She was so, very lately, answer'd the Banker, for I have had Letters from her about some Effects remaining in my Hands.—I assure you, she is a very notable Woman, and vastly rich.'—'As for her Riches, said Conyers, I have nothing to say; but you would much oblige me, by recommending me to her Notice and good Offices, in a friendly Manner; and likewise for another Letter, wherein you will please to mention me as her near Relation. This last I shall only make Use of, in case

'I find

' I find her really so.'—Mr. *Waters* very readily comply'd, and promis'd to be very secret in the Affair.

CAPTAIN *Conyers* was now much easier in his Mind, and the Alteration in his Conduct, gave a very sensible Pleasure to his Friend, but it was of short Duration, for he inform'd him, that he was oblig'd to set out immediately for *Madrid*, where his Stay should be as short as possible.—Captain *Thornton* was oblig'd to acquiesce, and Preparations were made for his Journey. The *Marquis de Brissac* was surpriz'd at the Project of Mr. *Conyers*, but got him Recommendatory Letters to the *French Minister*, and advis'd his travelling with the King's Messenger, especially as he seem'd in Haste.—A Messenger was dispatch'd the Week following, who had Orders to take particular Care of the Captain.—He took a Servant with him, and, with some Reluctance, bid adieu to his Friends.

C H A P. XVII.

*Now, by my Soul, and by these hoary Hairs,
I'm so o'erwhelm'd with Pleasure, that I feel
A later Spring within my wither'd Limbs,
That shoots me out again,*

DRYDEN'S *Don. Seb.*

AN Account of a Journey, *Post*, must be very unsatisfactory to a Reader, and tire and fatigue him as much as the Traveller. I shall, therefore, avoid the dry, insipid Relation, and beg of him to suppose, that no Accident happen'd on the Road, and that our Captain got safe to *Madrid* in the usual Time. I shall omit the Civilities shew'd him by the *French Minister*, who advis'd him, in the best Manner, for his further Journey to *Cadiz*. He was impatient to be there, and so am I.

ON his Arrival, he waited on Mr. *Fitzgerald*, the Merchant, on whom he had a Credit. This Gentleman received him in the most courteous Manner, and insisted on his accepting an Apartment in his House. In a Day or two, Captain *Conyers* made an Enquiry about Mrs. *Magrath*, and mention'd a Letter he had for her. The Merchant told him, she was an intimate Friend, and offering to accompany him, they immediately paid her a Visit.—Judge, gentle Reader, the Emotions of his Soul, when Mr. *Fitzgerald* presented him to his Mother, for such she really was.—Tho' he was determin'd in his Conduct, and had put on every Resolution, yet he trembled and grew pale when he saluted her; but recovering himself, he attributed his Tremor to the Fatigue of his Journey, which was easily credited. Mrs. *Magrath* read the Letter, and with great Politeness, assur'd him of her Respects, and Readiness to serve him. They din'd that Day at Mr. *Fitzgerald's*, and the Captain endeavour'd to make himself as agreeable as possible, and few Men could be more so. He observ'd, that every-body paid Mrs. *Magrath* a particular Respect; that she was vastly improved, and spoke with great Strength of Reason and Sense, tho' in her former Tone of Voice. Time had added a few Wrinkles to her Brow, but had taken away very little of the Beauty of her Complexion.—He frequently caught himself too earnestly looking at her, and very often met her Eyes.

NEXT Day the Company din'd at her House. Mirth and Good-humour abounded, and each strove who should add most. Mrs. *Magrath* shew'd a more than common Civility to the Captain, and often repeated, that he had much of the Air of a Gentleman who had been a very dear Friend to her and her Family. In a Word, she became familiar, which still made her more agreeable.

MR.

MR. FITZGERALD ask'd, when they got Home, What he had done to the Widow? 'For, *said he*, 'she told me in *Spanish*, that you had such a *Face*, 'and such a *Voice*, she could scarce keep her Eyes 'off of you. Faith, Captain, *continued he*, 'twould 'be very unkind to snap up one of our *greatest For-* 'tunes at so short a Warning, when she has held 'out half-a-dozen *regular Sieges*.-----Mrs. Fitz- 'gerald a little rallied him, 'But I assure you, 'said she, without a Jest, I never saw Mrs. *Mag-* 'ragh so free, and so pleas'd with a Gentleman 'in all my Life.'—The Captain laugh'd in his Turn, and each had somewhat to say.

HE thought Matters were pretty ripe for an Explanation, and as Mrs. *Magragh* had given him a general Invitation, he determin'd on a Visit, and, if possible, to open the Scene. Next Morning he went to Breakfast with her, and was very kindly received. When the ordinary Chat was over, and her Maid had retir'd, he began to put his Scheme in Practice, but not without many Hesitations.—'Madam, *said he*, I never thought to be so much 'beholden to my Friend Mr. *Waters*, as I find I 'am, by being introduc'd to a Lady of your Mer- 'rit, who has certainly afforded me more Joy, than 'ever I expected to receive.'---'This other Let- 'ter Madam, will a little help me in what I am to 'say.'—She took the Letter, and very attentively 'read it, and her Eyes seem'd to examine him as 'carefully.—'This Letter, Sir, *said she*, informs 'me, that you are my Relation. I cannot say the 'Contrary, but I protest I am at a Loss how it 'can be. I own I have a very particular Regard 'for you on account of my Friend's hearty Recom- 'mendation.—I confess my Esteem for your Per- 'son and Behaviour, and as you appear a Gentle- 'man, I should be sorry to change my Conduct,

by

‘by your going on any erroneous Project.’—‘Give me Leave, Madam, *reply'd the Captain*, to assure you on my Honour, I have no Views, other than paying the greatest Respect and *Duty* where I so naturally owe them.’——I should think myself, *said she*, extreamly happy to have a Relation of your *Character* and *Figure*. Tho’ I cannot imagine such a Thing possible, yet I own there is something that makes me wish it, therefore, I beg Sir, you will inform me, and doubt not but it will be to our mutual Satisfaction.’

‘Is it possible Madam, *said he*, that twenty Years can have worn out all Remembrance of my Face?——Can you forget our wretched Situation on the *Common* in *Ireland*?——Can my poor *Blind Father*——‘Stop Sir, *cry'd she*, for Heaven’s Sake!——I know not what to think! Good God!——Pray have Patience, and let me recover my Breath.’——Her Agony was extream, and he was oblig’d to support her to the Window for Air.——‘Gracious Heaven, *said she* at last, I dare not hope for such a Blessing, but let me beseech you, Sir, to pull down your Right Stocking.’——He instantly obey’d, and when she discover’d a large Mole on his Leg, (which he had never observ’d) Yes! *cry'd she*, ‘It is my dearest, my ill-us’d Son.’——Oh *Jack*!——and clasping him in her Arms in Transport, was, for some Moments depriv’d of every Sense. He embrac’d her with the sincerest Affection, and, for a long While, neither could utter a Syllable.

ONCE more I must indulge the Imagination of the kind Reader, and permit him to supply, from his own natural Stock, what mine is defective in.——Let him call forth every *tender Idea*. Let him think on the *Affection* of a Parent; on the Love of a *Child*, and, if he can, let him conceive the

the mighty Joy at recovering our *long lost darling Hopes*. Let him do this, and it is possible he may have some *faint Idea* of what this poor Woman felt. But to paint convulsive Motions, to mark the alternate Complexion, and to set down every dropping passionate Word, is not in the Power of Mr. *Le Sage, Crebillon, Fielding, or the Chinese Philosopher*.—When the *good-natur'd* Reader has finish'd his private Reflections, I beg he will go one Step farther, and bring back the *Mother and Son* to their wonted Sense and Understanding.

‘ My dearest *Jack*, *said she*, I have treated you ‘ barbarously.—Indeed I have,—but I shall ‘ try to atone for all my Sins. God has been ‘ bountiful to you, and most merciful to me!— ‘ I have not merited his Goodness, but shall endeavour to deserve his Favour.—I hope I shall. ‘ — But my *dear Jack*, give me some Account of ‘ yourself. Tell me of all your Accidents ; how ‘ you arriv’d to the honourable Station I see you ‘ in, and why your Name is *Conyers*.—Tell me all, ‘ my dear Child, and I shall most faithfully recount, tho’ I blush for it, every Part of my Life ‘ since we parted.—Oh my Son! Could you have ‘ known the Trouble, my Usage to you, has given ‘ me, you would pity an unhappy Woman.—But, ‘ tell me, my dear *Jack*, can you forgive me?— ‘ I fear it is impossible.’—‘ My Conduct, *said he*, shall convince my *dearest Mother*, that I have ‘ forgot all Things, but my *Duty* and my *Love*.’— ‘ Then, *said she*, I am happy, and my *Love* shall reward you.—But no more now.—You must change ‘ your Quarters, and live with me.—Does Mr. *Waters* know you are my Son?’—‘ No Madam, ‘ *said the Captain*, he knows no more than what ‘ I desir’d him to mention in his Letter.’—‘ That’s ‘ well, *said she*, neither is it necessary he should. ‘ I must not own you for my Son, as it would con-

‘ tradict

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'tradict what I have always reported, but you must be my Nephew, the Son of my Sister, which will sufficiently warrant my Affection for you.'

THIS Matter being settled, they went together to Mr. *Fitzgerald's*. The Family were greatly surpris'd and pleas'd when Mrs. *Magrath* presented her Nephew. She told them the Method he took to discover himself, and all Compliments were made suitable to the Occasion. That Night he return'd to her House, and the whole Town visited and congratulated them.

C H A P. XVIII.

An unseen Hand makes all our Moves :

And some are Great, and some are Small ;

Some climb to Good, some from good Fortune fall ;

Some Wise Men, and some Fools we call ;

Figures, alas ! of Speech, for Destiny plays us all.

COWLEY.

NO doubt Mrs. *Magrath* was impatient to hear the Story of her Son, and begg'd he would begin, and not omit the minutest Circumstances. He obey'd, and carried her through every Scene of his Life, except a few Parts not so fit for her to hear, and concluded, by his being a Captain of Dragoons ; the Accident that brought him to the Knowledge of her being alive, and how soon he determin'd to pay his Duty. — He did not mention his being on *Half-Pay*, lest she should have insisted on his staying at *Cadiz*, which he by no Means intended to do. — He recited all his Adventures in a full and clear Manner, and so pathetically worded his Sufferings, that she wept most bitterly, but, his good Fortune succeeding, a visible Joy spread over her Countenance. — She embrac-

ed

ed him a thousand Times, and blest God for restoring to her a Son, and a Son of such *Prudence* and so many *Virtues*.

Now, *said she*, my dear *Jack*, it is but Just to recount my own History, and inform you of some Things that you are a Stranger to.

SHE then began from her being a Servant at Sir *Roger Thornton's*. — 'In this Family, *said she*, 'I liv'd very happily. I was *young*, and tolerably 'handsome, and it pleased Sir *Roger* to think me 'more so than perhaps I really was. He made 'me Presents, seem'd very fond of me, was a 'mighty fine comely Gentleman, and in short, 'overcame my foolish Weakness. I prov'd with 'Child, and he married me to *Jerry Connor*. You 'came into the World with that Name, but my 'dear *Jack*, your real Father was Sir *Roger Thornton*.' — 'More Wonders! cry'd her Son, '—Is it possible!' — She seem'd surpris'd at his Exclamations, but he inform'd her of his Intimacy with Captain *Thornton*, and of the Accident that brought on their great Friendship. She was vastly delighted with this Incident, and charm'd to find Sir *Roger* was still alive.

THIS obliged her to begin a little more particularly, and she continued her Account to the Death of *Jerry Connor*, and the Parting with her Son. — As I have placed all these Facts in the first Pages of this History, where I imagin'd they naturally came in, I must refer my Reader to them, and take up her Story where I dropt it.

'Thus, *said she*, Father *Kelly* and I cohabited 'in a scandalous Manner; and the Proofs against 'us were so strong and so many, that he could not 'live in the Country. His Uncle the *Bishop* gave 'him a good Sum of Money, and a Letter to a 'Prior of a rich Convent in this City. He per-suaded

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'suaded me to go with him, (and I had no Business to stay behind) but he would by no Means consent to my taking you. I was in the utmost Trouble, and could not think of parting with my Child for ever. At last he proposed sending you to his Brother's in the County of *Galway*, who would take Care of your Education, and at a certain Age, send you to *Cadiz*.—The barbarous Wretch laid the Scheme, and exposed you to per-
 'rish on the Road. He was so cruel, that he never would give me the least Satisfaction, or let me know what he had done with you. I was too much depending on him to quarrel, and had no other Consolation but my frequent Tears.

'WE embark'd at *Cork* in a Ship loaded with Beef, Tallow, and *Worsted Stuffs*, and arrived safe at this Place. It was agreed I should pass for his *Sister*, and the Widow of one Mr. *Connor* of *Clonmell*. He went to the Convent, and deliver'd his Letter to Father *Purcell* the *Prior*, where I believe he was well received, for he return'd vastly pleas'd. He was soon in the Habit of his *Order*, and provided me a Lodging in a good Family, and made me dress in a very decent Manner.'

'I KNOW not how he managed with the *Prior*, but he gave me to understand, that I must call him my *Uncle*, and be extreamly civil when he visited me, and next Day I had that Honour. Father *Purcell*, or rather my *Uncle*, was a comely, grave Man, of about *Sixty*, vastly polite and courteous, and, seemingly of a most *Religious* Deportment. However, my pious *Brother* soon hinted, that I was to be more than *merely civil* to him, if I expected to be maintain'd.—What could I do?—I was compell'd to forfeit my *Honour*, that I
 ' might

‘ might save my *Reputation*. In short, I comply’d,
 ‘ and my *Brother* and *Uncle* constantly visited
 ‘ me, and were mighty tender and affectionate Re-
 ‘ lations.

‘ You see my dearest *Jack*, I hide not from you,
 ‘ even my own Shame.—How are the best Insti-
 ‘ tutions perverted ! but let us not condemn the
 ‘ *Whole*, for the Wickedness of a *Few*.—— Thus
 ‘ I liv’d for about four or five Months, and was vi-
 ‘ sited by the best Families, and paid them in Re-
 ‘ turn. I own I was not a fit Companion for
 ‘ People of Fortune ; but as I could not converse
 ‘ in their Manner, I behav’d with great *Modesty*
 ‘ and *Silence*. This procur’d me a general good
 ‘ Character, and made me pass for what I did not
 ‘ merit.

‘ I HAD a Mind to try the Temper of Father
 ‘ *Purcell*, and one Day very gravely hinted an
 ‘ Apprehension of my being with Child. The
 ‘ old Man star’d, and was in a strange *Dilemma*, for
 ‘ he had no Notion but Father *Kelly* was my real
 ‘ *Brother*.— He walk’d about the Room in a very
 ‘ pensive Manner, but at last,— “ Well, said he,
 ‘ “ if my dear Widow be with Child, I must find a
 ‘ “ Father for it.—Shall I get you a Husband ?—”
 ‘ “ have no Objection, said I, provided he be a good
 ‘ “ one.”— “ Leave it to me, reply’d the Prior ;
 ‘ “ but it must be done in a Hurry, and shall instantly
 ‘ “ set about it, so put on your best Airs for a Visit
 ‘ “ To-morrow Evening.”— “ I took his Advice,
 ‘ “ but could not forbear laughing at the Oddity
 ‘ “ of my Scheme, and wonder’d where it would
 ‘ “ end.”

‘ FATHER PURCELL kept his Word, and in-
 ‘ troduc’d Mr. *Magrath*. He seem’d a plain good
 ‘ Sort of a Man, of about Fifty-five. He was
 ‘ very ceremonious and complaisant, but spoke little.
 ‘ In half an Hour the *Prior* open’d a more
 ‘ interesting

“interesting Conversation.—“ My dear Nice, *said*
 “ he, my good Friend Mr. *Magrath* has often
 “ seen you, and has communicated his Sentiments
 “ to me. No Doubt you are of Age to chuse for
 “ yourself; but as I know his Integrity and
 “ Worth, I think it my Duty, as a Parent, to ad-
 “ vise you to receive his honourable Addresses as
 “ you ought.—It will be much better than re-
 “ turning to *Ireland*.”—“ I blush’d, and only
 “ reply’d, That I should always be guided by him.

“ MADAM, *said* Mr. *Magrath*, I am a Man
 “ in Trade, of a good Character, and an easy
 “ Fortune. His Reverence has told you my
 “ Heart, which, if you will be pleased to ac-
 “ cept, you shall command every Thing in my
 “ Power.” “ Sir, *said* I, I doubt not your Merit,
 “ as my Uncle is your Friend, I am sure he means
 “ an Happiness to us both, and shall submit myself
 “ to his Determination.”—“ This, *said* the Prior,
 “ is making Love like People of Sense, and, not
 “ like giddy Children. Come, my Dear Niece,
 “ since you leave it to me, give me your Hand.—
 “ Here, my good Friend, I bestow you that ines-
 “ timable Treasure a good Wife.—Take her,
 “ and I pray God to bless you both.”—“ Mr.
 “ *Magrath* embraced me very tenderly, and I be-
 “ hav’d as I ought.

“ WELL, Madam, *said* the poor Man, when
 “ shall I be happy?—When shall I call you my
 “ own?”—“ Lord, Sir, *said* I, you are so pres-
 “ sing—I believe a Month or two will be Time
 “ enough.—A Month, *cry’d* the Prior; nay, now
 “ you spoil all. I hop’d you would have men-
 “ tion’d To-morrow.”—“ And I, *said* Mr.
 “ *Magrath*, was thinking on the present Minute;
 “ for my Maxim is, Never to put off till To-mor-
 “ row, what I can do To-day.”—“ ‘Tis a most ex-
 “ cellent

“cellent Rule, *reply'd the Prior*, and let us put it
 “in Practice. What say you, my dear Niece?—
 “Shall I perform the *Holy Office*?— ‘I blush’d,
 “but made no Answer.’— “Silence, *said he*, is
 “a Consent, therefore let us go to Mr. *Magrath’s*,
 “send for a few Friends, and finish the Business.”

— “His Reverence, *said my Lover*, has been
 “always my Friend.”—With some Intreaties, I
 “suffer’d myself to be conducted to his House,
 “where, in the Presence of my *Brother* and two
 “more, my good *Uncle* perform’d his *Priestly*
 “Duty, and made me Mistress of this Habita-
 “tion.

“MR. MAGRATH was really a goodnatur’d in-
 “offensive Man, and very affectionately lov’d me.
 “I kept very good Company, I read a good deal,
 “and wrote and assisted him very much in his Busi-
 “ness. By Degrees I grew very expert, and be-
 “gan to *think and talk* in a quite different Manner.--
 “My poor Husband was extreamly delighted with
 “my Diligence and Capacity, and only wanted a
 “Child to compleat his Happiness; but none
 “came, notwithstanding the *frequent and fer-*
 “*vent Prayers* of the *holy Prior* and my *pious Bro-*
 “*ther*.

“THUS I liv’d, for about five Years, with great
 “seeming Happiness; but your Image, and Fa-
 “ther *Kelly’s* Person, were *too often* present to make
 “me really so. I dreaded him more than *Bro-*
 “*therly Love*, for he sometimes visited at very im-
 “proper Seasons. I knew his Temper, and, as
 “he began to be suspected on many Accounts, par-
 “ticularly for some Intrigues with *Spanish Ladies*,
 “I was in continual Apprehensions of some fatal
 “Accident. Nay, I much fear’d the Jealousy of
 “the *Prior*, for he gave me some Hints. At last
 “I miss’d the Visits of my *Brother*, and enquir’d
 “after him from my *Uncle*. He shook his Head,

“but

but no satisfactory Answer came. I cry'd for my *Brother*, but I never saw him since.—He was either *murder'd* or carry'd to the *Inquisition*, and I violently suspected the *Prior*.—I was really sorry for his Misfortune, but not displeas'd at the Loss of his Company. I was much more satisfy'd, when, in three Months after, my holy Uncle Father *Purcell* departed this Life, and left me to enjoy it with *Peace* and real *Happiness*.

THESE Impediments to the Tranquillity of my Mind, being remov'd, I apply'd myself more closely to the Study of every Thing that might give my Husband Pleasure. I still improved, and arrived to such Perfection, that he confided all to my Care and Management; and I aver to you, my dearest *Jack*, that I never deceived him in *any Shape*, after the Death of the *Prior*.

HIS Fortune increas'd very largely, and we liv'd with great *Harmony* and *Content*. The last two Years, his Infirmities made him extreamly peevish; but I bore all with Patience, and assisted and attended him with the *Tenderness* and *Duty* of a *good Wife*.—The poor Man was sensible of my Regard, and, when he died, I found his Will had made me absolute Mistress of his whole Fortune.

I HAVE resisted many Sollicitations from People who call'd themselves *Lovers*. I knew the World too well to imagine a Woman of my Years had all the Charms they pretended to find in me. I fancy I guess'd right, that my *thirty Thousand Pounds* was my principal Beauty.—Now, my dear *Jack*, forget the Injury I did you, and forget my Faults, and you shall be my Husband, nor will I ever have another.—Tho' we are, unhappily, of different *Religions*, yet, believe me, I am not so bigotted to mine,

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‘ as to desire a Change in your’s. I have learnt
‘ by Experience, that the true *End* and *Use* of *Re-*
‘ *ligion* is to make us *good, virtuous, and chari-*
‘ *table*.—Since your Religion has taught you the
‘ Practice of those great Duties, Why should I
‘ wish you to alter? No my dear *Jack*, keep
‘ strictly to, and be faithful in it.—My Religion
‘ did not make me wicked; it was my *Weakness*
‘ and my Ignorance. Thank *God*, I am now wis-
‘ er.—I find my dear Child, that your Duty will
‘ soon call you from me; but to convince you of
‘ the Sincerity of my Love, half my Fortune is
‘ this Moment your’s. When all my Affairs are
‘ settled, I will follow you to *England*, and you
‘ shall command the Remainder, allowing me
‘ Four hundred Pounds a Year during my Life;
‘ which will be more than I shall have Occasion
‘ for — I hope my dearest *Jack* is now convinc’d,
‘ that I make every Satisfaction in my Power, and
‘ that I at last prove myself a tender and affectio-
‘ nate Mother.

THE Captain most ardently embrac’d her, and
return’d every Acknowledgment that so much
Goodness deserv’d. She set about her Promise
immediately, and, in a short Time, gave him Bills
on *London* for *Fifteen Thousand Pounds*.

WHILST these Matters were transacting, he re-
ceived a Letter from his Friend *Thornton*, declar-
ing his Unhappiness without him, and pressing his
Return. He likewise received Letters from Co-
lonel *Manly*, and Doctor *Grace*. These gave him
great Concern, for they inform’d him of the
Death of his old Master, good Mr. *Sampson*. He
had requested his Wife to settle the Fortune on
Captain *Conyers*, at her Death, and she had most
generously executed the proper Deeds, reserving
Two Thousand Pounds to dispose of as she thought
proper.

HE acquainted his Mother with these Matters, and how necessary his Presence was, to take Care of his *Estate*, and his Military Post. She confess'd the Reasonableness of his Desires, and promising to part with him, with as little Regret as possible, he prepared to set out, the first Opportunity, by Sea, to *Marseilles*.

SHE gave him many useful Instructions, and advis'd him to Secrecy with regard to his Family, and the Obscurity of his Birth. — 'Tho', said she, you are in Fact more Praise worthy by having made your Fortune with a fair Character, than had it descended from your Father, yet the World is made of such *envious Stuff*, they take Pleasure in lessening the Virtues of others; yet it is certain, *he rises the Higher with the sensible Part of the World, the Lower he sprung from.*

'YOUR Fortune, my dear Son, continued she, will be now very considerable, but let me beg of you to believe, that no Fortune can stand long, against *bad Management*. Be an *Oeconomist*, and put your Affairs in so regular a Channel, that, in an Instant, you may know your *Income* and your *Expences*. Without Regularity, all will be in Confusion. Let your *Accounts* and your *Watch* be wound up punctually to a Time, or both will go wrong.—Avoid a Number of idle and superfluous *Servants*, that eat out an Estate; keep from expensive *Schemes* and Projects; and trouble, or rather please, the *Lawyers* as little as possible. — Determine to be *happy*, for you know the Means. — One Word more, and I have done.—I guess at your Constitution by your Complexion, therefore I advise you to *marry*, but submit the Matter to your own Prudence.'

He was often astonish'd how she came to *reason, speak, and write* so correctly, and could not

avoid asking her the Question.—‘It is not, *said she*, so difficult a Matter as you imagine, though we must have some Assistance from Nature.—‘I very severely felt the Want of these Accomplishments, and resolv’d, if possible, to acquire them.—I told you I read much. I got good Authors, and apply’d closely to them. They gave me Sentiments I was a Stranger to. I improv’d considerably by the Help of Company, but my own *Project* vastly shorten’d my Labour. I set myself a Task every Day, and carefully wrote out two or three Pages of the *Spectator*, *Guardian*, and other sensible Works, so that in a short Time, I became Mistress of their *Style* and *Manner*, had always something to say in Conversation, and spelt well, without the Assistance of a Grammar. Besides, the Accounts I kept, and the Numbers of Letters I wrote, made these Matters familiar to me.—This may serve to shew you, *That a little Pains and Industry in the Beginning, prevents a vast Deal of Trouble and Labour in the End.*

Mr Captain Conyers was pleas’d at finding his Mother, he was prodigiously more so at discovering in her all the Marks of *good Sense* and *Prudence*.—He remitted his Money to his Correspondent in London, but at the same Time acquainted Colonel Manly of it, and added a Codicil to his Will. He wrote to all his Friends, and promis’d to join them as soon as possible.

A good Ship being now ready to sail, he paid his Respects to all his Acquaintances at Cadix, and made some genteel Presents, particularly to the Family of Mr. *Fitzgerald*.—All were concern’d at losing so polite a Companion, and he was loaded with Praises and Caresses. His Mother could not hear it with that Resignation she at first thought, but however, she rais’d her Spirits, and with many Blessings, saw him set sail.

THE Voyage was prosperous, and he arrived at *Marseilles*, safe and in good Health. He took Post for *Paris*, and once more embrac'd his dear Friend Capt. *Thornton*, after an Absence of eight Months.

C H A P. XIX.

Thou Brother of my Choice : A Band more Sacred

Than Nature's brittle Tie. By holy Friendship,
Glory and Fame stood still for thy Arrival ;
My Soul seem'd wanting of its better Half,
And languish'd for thy Absence ; like a Prophet
That waits the Inspiration of his God.

Rowe's *Tamerline*.

HE found *Paris* extreamly crouded with *English*, and began to think, that the Scheme of Doctor *Grace* for a Duty on the Exportation of our Nobility and Gentry, would yield a much larger Revenue than could be well imagin'd.—Capt. *Thornton* was quite recover'd, and had waited a Month extraordinary.—‘I assure you, said he, I almost despair'd of you, and was just preparing to set out with my Cousin Lord *Truegood*.’——
 ‘Lord *Truegood* ! cry'd Captain *Conyers* in a Hurry.—Yes, reply'd the other, Lord *Truegood*, my Uncle the *Earl of Mountworth's* Son.—Do you know him ?---No, answer'd *Conyers*, but the Similitude of a Name I have a great Respect for, certainly gave me a Flutter.'---‘Now I think of it, said *Thornton*, you could not know him, at least by his Title, for his Father was created an *Earl* but since the *Rebellion*.---I promise you my Cousin is well worth your Acquaintance.'---
 Just then Lord *Truegood* enter'd.'---‘My Lord, said *Thornton*, give me Leave to present to you my dearest and most worthy Friend Captain *Cony-*

ers, and I insist on your loving him as well as I do.---‘ It always affords me, *said my Lord*, the highest Satisfaction to be known to Gentlemen of your distinguish’d Worth and Merit, and with I may deserve the Honour of your Friendship.’— ‘ If it be an Honour, *said Conyers*, what must mine be, should your Lordship grant me your favourable Opinion and Countenance?’---A Truce with your Compliments; *cry’d Thornton*, let us be a Triumvirate, and make the World stare at our Friendship.’

By Degrees, they dropp’d into the familiar Stile, and each seem’d happy in the other two.---*Conyers* very attentively examin’d the Features of my Lord, and call’d to his Remembrance, his much-beloved *Master Harry*.---His Heart felt an unusual Pleasure; Joy sparkled in his Eyes, and added such Charms to his Conversation, that his Friend protested, he believ’d the Gravity of the *Spaniards* had only serv’d to give him more Spirits.---‘ Perhaps, *said my Lord*, they were so confin’d, when there, that now they rush out with greater Force; but be it as it will, I am vastly pleas’d to find Wit and good Sense so agreeably blended.’—*Conyers* made the proper Reply, but retir’d pretty soon, for he wanted Repose.

NEXT Day they visited their Friends, and a Week was very chearfully employ’d. In this Time, Mr. *Conyers* receiv’d a Letter from his Correspondent in *London*, ‘ That he had credited him with the Money remitted from *Cadiz*; That he had paid three Bills drawn on him by Mr. *Pensè*, of *Brussels*, amounting to *Seventy-five Pounds*, and that his Correspondent of that City, had advis’d him of the Death of the said Mr. *Pensè*.’---Captain *Conyers* was much concern’d for the poor Man, but his superior Joy soon got the better. He did

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did not think on his Death, as so much gain'd, but determin'd to employ *Pensè's* Money to other Purposes than his own.

LORD TRUEGOOD had the all Softness and Delicacy of Behaviour ; that Tenderness to Mankind ; that Ease, and, at the same Time, that *Dignity* in his Deportment, that distinguishes, or ought to distinguish, the *Nobleman*. He was Generous without Profuseness, Mild without Childishness, and Courteous to all ; but supported his Station. He had seen the different States, with critical Eyes, and observ'd the Faults and Perfections, with a View to the Good of his Country, and his own Honour. This Gentleman conceiv'd a most particular Esteem for Captain *Conyers*, and every Day improv'd it.——To be applauded and regarded by Men of Sense and Knowledge, is the highest Honour a Man can receive. The Captain had this from *Lord Truegood*, and was sensible of it.

A LITTLE more Time was spent in *Paris*, in Compliments on taking Leave, particularly of the *Marquis de Brissac*, and the *Duke d'Ayen*.——Those paid to Ladies, I am as ignorant of as the Reader.——Every thing being prepar'd, the *Three Friends* took Post for *Calais*. The Packet soon landed them at *Dover*, and each had a peculiar Satisfaction at arriving at *London*.

CHAP. XX.

*The grateful Mind a Pleasure feels
Beyond what Vice and Passion yields ;
The grateful Heart a Bliss bestows
Beyond what Vulgar-Cunning knows.
This noble Virtue in the Breast,
Of ev'ry Virtue he's possess'd.*

ANONIMOUS.

IT is not to be express'd, the hearty and affectionate Manner *Sir Roger, Thornton* and *Lord Mountworth* received *Captain Conyers*, neither is it possible to describe the Joys he felt, when he embraced the *Author of his Life*, and the *Founder of his Happiness*. Each insisted on his living with them, and contended strongly about it, but *Captain Conyers* ended the kind Dispute, by assuring them, he had many Reasons for being in private Lodgings, but hop'd they would indulge him the Honour of visiting with Freedom.—He was presented to each Family, who could not enough admire the many excellent Qualifications they soon found he possess'd. His generous Valour was the Subject of each Day, particularly with the Ladies.—*It is just, they should peculiarly admire the Brave, when they only are capable of rewarding them.*

LADY MOUNTWORTH still preserv'd a large Residue of Beauty. The accusom'd Sweetness of her Temper, and her good Sense, remain'd; but all her Charms seem'd transplanted, and to blow afresh in her Daughter, *Lady Harriot*. She was now about Twenty-four Years of Age; her Beauty was exquisite, and none could be insensible of it; but the *Rectitude* of her Manners, the *Integrity* of her Soul, and the *Affability* of her Behaviour, could not fail of Numbers of Admirers. Perhaps she was

too

too delicate in the Choice of a Husband, and requir'd more Perfections in a Man, than a large Fortune and high Titles. She was so whimsical and singular in her Notions, that she thought a *rational, tender, and faithful Companion*, was infinitely more essential to a Scheme of Happiness, than a Multitude of Servants, and the most brilliant Retinue.—My Lord and Lady often rallied this Temper; but as they knew her Understanding and Judgment, they always left her Free.

CAPT. Conyers admir'd her Virtues. He was charm'd at the *easy Elegance* of her Conversation. He gaz'd on her Beauties, and his *Heart* insensibly stole from him, and became her Property.—Certain it is, *Lady Harriot* began to have Sentiments much in his Favour, and some delicate Expressions, and the Conduct of the Eyes, soon discover'd what pass'd in their Souls.

THO' *Lady Harriot* possess'd his Imagination, yet his private Affairs were attended to. Lord Mountworth was an excellent Adviser in Money Affairs, as well as other Matters. He therefore begg'd his *Lordship's* Assistance in the Management of *Twenty Thousand Pounds*, which brought on a Conversation that discover'd the *Circumstances* of the Captain.—His Money was soon dispos'd of in the Funds, and he prepar'd to set out for his Estate. Whilst this was doing, he remember'd his Promise to himself, and sent *Five hundred Pounds* of Mr. *Penfè's* to the *Correspondent Society* in London, for promoting English Protestant Schools in Ireland, but his Name was not mention'd.

He likewise remember'd his old Friend Mr. Sangfroid the Surgeon, and after much Enquiry, found him in very *obscure Lodgings*. The Captain was dress'd in his Regimentals, and Sangfroid received him with very great Respect.—'Sir, said 'be, I am sorry for your Accident. A *slight Touch*

‘ I presume, but my Care and Diligence, will soon
 ‘ make Matters easy to you.—I am extremely
 ‘ oblig’d to the Gentleman that recommended me
 ‘ to you, but you may depend on being quite safe in
 ‘ my Hands.’—He was going on in the usual Style;
 but the *Captain* with an hearty Laugh, cry’d out,
 ‘ Bless me, Mr. *Sangfroid*!—Have you really for-
 ‘ got me?’—*Sangfroid* look’d up, and staring at
 him for some Time, cry’d,—‘ Forgot you!—
 ‘ Eh!—Oons!—I believe ’tis honest *Conyers*—
 ‘ Oh God!—Come to my Arms my dear Friend,
said the Captain, and use me as such.’—They em-
 brac’d, and the Surgeon was quite confounded at
 his Appearance, and testify’d his Surprise.—We
 ‘ shall, *said Conyers*, have Time enough to talk of
 ‘ that, but at present let us think on your Affairs,
 ‘ for you do not seem so happy as I could wish. You
 ‘ have been my kind Benefactor, now try my Gra-
 ‘ titude, and honestly tell me your Wants, for I fear
 ‘ you have some.’

POOR *Sangfroid* began a most melancholy Story.
 He told the Variety of Misfortunes he had met
 with;—he plac’d them all to the Account of his
 Folly and Extravagance, and concluded by his be-
 ing in a poor, wretched Condition.—His Story was
 extremely moving, but it convinc’d the *Captain* of
 the *Misery* That Man draws on himself, who
 chuses to be directed by *Passions* and *Appetites*, ra-
 ther than *Prudence* and *Oeconomy*.—However, he
 was determin’d to serve him, and put *Forty Gui-
 neas* into his Hands.—‘ Now, *said he*, this is only
 ‘ for the Present; when you find a *Surgeoncy* to be
 ‘ bought, command my Purse most freely.—‘ Hea-
 ‘ vens! *said Sangfroid*, how ill they argue, that
 ‘ call this a *bad World*.—You are in it!—Ten
 ‘ such Men, attone for the Faults of Millions!—
 ‘ My dear Friend, *continued he*, with *Tears* in his
 ‘ *Eyes*, I believe some Relations would advance

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‘Two Hundred Pounds, if I had the Remainder
 ‘I could this Moment purchase a Surgeoncy to
 ‘Regiment of Guards.---But ’tis impossible to exa-
 ‘pect so much Goodness.’---Expect, said Conyers-
 ‘every Thing from me. Go about it, my Friend,
 ‘immediately, and in three Days I shall call and
 ‘finish the Affair.’---The Captain perform’d his
 Promise, and with the Assistance of Six Hundred
 Pounds, Mr. *Sangfroid* was made compleatly
 happy.-----

His next Enquiry was for *Doctor St. Amour* ;
 but he had been lately made a *Bishop* in *Ireland*.
 He visited his good Widow Landlady in *Surry*,
 whom he made vastly happy, by a Present of Fifty
 Guineas. He found out that his old Master *Mon-*
sieur Champignon had been sometime dead ; and that
Miss Tonton having the Guardianship of her own
 Person, had wisely disposed of it to a *Life-Guard*
Man.-----SIR PETER SHAALLOW was still a-
 live, and of the same *weak Importance*.---SIR JOHN
 CURIOUS was at Rest, but his Lady was very bu-
 sy with a second Husband, whom she married
 in her Weeds.---Poor Mrs. CANNON had fail’d
 in some of her Annuities, and was oblig’d to retire
 to *Yorkshire* for cheapness.---The BISHOP had long
 since been translated, and his *Works* were retail’d
 by Pastry-Cooks, Grocers, and Tobaeconists.---
 As to many others, whom he knew, he judg’d it
 not so proper to renew his Acquaintance, or even
 enquire after.

CAPT. *Thornton* had been so long absent from
 his Regiment, that he was oblig’d to take Leave of
 his Friend, and join his Post in *Scotland*, and his
 Father Sir *Roger* had been some Time in *Berkshire*
 on Business. This increased the Intimacy of Capt.
Conyers with Lord *Mountworth*’s Family, particularly
 with Lord *Truegood*.--He found out, by Degrees, the
 Situation of Affairs, and that the young Lord’s Bro-

ther *Master William* had taken a Fancy to the *Sea-Service*, and had distinguish'd himself on many late Occasions as a Captain of a *Man of War*, and was then at his Station.

WHATEVER good Opinion the Family conceiv'd of Capt. *Conyers*, an Affair happen'd that did not lessen it. It seems Mr. *Sangfroid* had been at the Captain's Lodgings, and was inform'd of his being at Lord *Mountworth's*. He follow'd, and tho' the Captain was not there, yet the Servant conducted him into the Chamber where sat my Lord and Lady with Lady *Harriot*. My Lord, with his usual Politeness, order'd a Chair, and told him he expected the Captain every Moment. A little Chat arose, which, at last, fell on his Friend.—*Sangfroid* was silent as to former Times, but mention'd his having been in good Circumstances, and had render'd some Services to Mr. *Conyers*. He then painted out the last Action of his Friend, and his real Worth and Honour in such lively Colours, that drew from my Lord and Lady the highest *Encomiums* on the Captain. Lady *Harriot* was silent, but Pleasure blush'd in her Face.—*Sangfroid* waited for some Time, but at last took his Leave.

LADY HARRIOT now open'd on the Charms of *Gratitude* and true *Generosity*.—‘These, said she, are the masterly Touches of a finish'd Piece, and no Character can be compleat without them.—They argue every humane Sentiment, and are an Abstract of all Virtues.—Your Servant, Lady *Harriot*, said my Lord, and bow'd,—I protest you would make an excellent Painter. But tell me, my dearest *Harriot*, Which would you chuse to trace, the Person, or the Mind of the Captain?—She blush'd, but answer'd—You know, my Lord, I always speak Truth, and can ill disguise my Heart.—I hope I shall not be thought Criminal, when I assure your Lordship,
I would

‘ I would chuse both his *Person* and his *Mind*.—
 ‘ And if I can, *said my Lord*, you shall have your
 ‘ Choice.’—He then most tenderly embrac’d
 her, and *Lady Mountworth* almost wept with Joy.

THE *Captain* was much press’d to return to the
 Country, particularly by Colonel *Manly*, who men-
 tion’d something of the Borough. It happen’d that
 the *Colonel* and *Lord Mountworth* were intimate
 Friends, so he was easily persuaded to let his Son
Lord Truegood accompany the Captain, but not be-
 fore he had acquainted him with the Sentiments of
 his Sister, and his own Inclinations to such a Match.
 The poor *Captain* scarcely knew how to bid *Adieu*
 to his dear *Lady Harriot*; but as he had given some
 Hints to *Lord Truegood*, his Lordship eas’d him in
 so delicate an Affair.—‘ *Lady Harriot, said he,*
 ‘ I must beg your Hand to help me to raise my
 ‘ Friend, for he is *your’s* and *you his*.’—She
 saluted the Captain, and each attempted to an-
 swer the other.—‘ These are broken Words, *said*
 ‘ *my Lord*, but we shall piece them together on our
 ‘ Return.—One Kiss more.—Now adieu.’

THEY went to my *Lord* and *Lady*, who, as
 soon as acquainted with this Affair, embrac’d Mr.
Conyers, and look’d on him as a Son.—‘ Your
 ‘ Lordship, *said the Captain*, is no Stranger to my
 ‘ Fortune, but this Paper contains an Abstract of
 ‘ it, and I most chearfully submit myself to your
 ‘ Lordship’s Determination.’—A few Compli-
 ments ensued, and *Lord Truegood* with Capt. *Con-*
yers, stepp’d into their Post Chaise, and soon ar-
 riv’d to the End of their Journey.

C H A P. XXI.

*Our Grandfire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
 Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest'd,
 With mournful Looks the blissful Scenes survey'd,
 And wander'd in the solitary Shade:
 The Maker saw, took Pity, and bestow'd
 WOMAN, the last, the best Reserve of God.
 POPE's Jan. and May.*

NEVER was Man received with more Affection, particularly by his *Sister, the Colonel, and Doctor Grace*.—It was a Jubilee in the Village. —The Remembrance of past, and the Enjoyment of present Happiness, occasion'd many Tears. —He paid every Duty to *Mrs. Sampson*, and she regarded him as her *Brother* and her *Son*. He recited every Circumstance since they parted, and did not forget his Aunt *Magrath* at *Cadiz*, and proposed her living with her when she arrived in *England*.—*Mrs. Sampson* was extremely pleas'd in his good Fortune; but, as she imagin'd the *Colonel* wish'd an Alliance with him, she hinted, that, perhaps, there was more in Store.—'Indeed, said she, I think you ought to marry; nor do I know a Woman in the World I would sooner recommend to you than Miss *Manly*.—She is grown a delightful Creature, and is so good, I am sure she would make an excellent Wife. You know the *Colonel* has Fifteen hundred Pounds a Year, and a great deal of ready Money. If you will set about it, I'll engage it shall be done.'—My dear Sister, reply'd *Conyers*, I know not how to thank you as I ought; but this Affair is impossible.—I am no Stranger to Miss *Manly's* Beauty and Merit; but we are not always Ma-

sters

‘sters of our Inclinations.’——He then told her the History of his Heart, and spoke so tenderly on the Charms of *Lady Harriot*, that she entirely agreed with him.

COLONEL MANLY was still hearty, and tolerably well. He was vastly pleas’d at the Figure and Behaviour of *Lord Truegood*. He spoke with great Pleasure of his *Grandfather* and the present *Earl*, and received him with the utmost Affection and Regard. They frequently dined with the *Colonel*, and *Miss* did the Honours of the Table in so polite and well bred a Manner, that charm’d all, but particularly *Lord Truegood*. He was struck with her Beauty, but the Elegance of her Conversation, firmly fix’d every tender Thought.—*Conyers* perceiv’d his Lordship’s Anxiety, and guessing the Cause, hinted his Suspicion.—‘True, said my Lord, I own my Love, nor am I sham’d of it. An Object so infinitely worthy, must engross my Heart. Dear *Conyers*, let me require your Friendship. Assist me with the *Colonel* and his dearest Daughter, as I assisted you with *Harriot*. I am certain of my Father’s Consent, and I shall be the happiest of Men.’—The Captain who was rejoyc’d at this Incident assur’d him of his Interest, and the next Day, not only obtain’d the *Colonel*’s Consent, but artfully found out from *Miss*, that my Lord was far from being disagreeable to her.—*Lord Truegood* was in Raptures, and the Friendship of *Conyers* curtail’d a long Courtship, which of all People, Men of *Sense and Sincerity* are the least capable of doing for themselves. ‘The Way being now paved, the Affair went smoothly on, and only wanted Lord and *Lady Mountworth*’s Approbation.

THE Captain resign’d to the *Colonel* the Promise of his Interest for a Seat in *Parliament*, and begg’d him to transfer it where, soon, it would be naturally due. When his Family Affairs were settled, they

they all agreed on a Journey to *London*, and as the *Colonel* and *Mrs. Sampson* were infirm, they were oblig'd to make easy Stages. His *Lordship* daily made fresh Discoveries of the Understanding and good Nature of *Miss Manly*, and she found her Pleasure and Satisfaction arise, the more she conversed with him.—In short, it is not in Nature to give more real Joy than what this good Company felt.

ON their Arrival in *London*, Captain *Conyers* flew to *Lady Harriot*, and *Lord Truegood*, to his Father. One discover'd his Soul more openly, and the other mention'd what *Lord Mountworth* and my *Lady* were charm'd to hear.

MATTERS were in this Situation, when HONOUR attack'd the Captain with such Force, as almost to unhinge his flattering Hopes. This busy Companion seem'd to hint, *That he ought in Justice to make himself known to my Lord before the Marriage; that it would heighten his Character, and prevent the Imputation of an Imposture.* He own'd the Truth of this, but at the same Time, he look'd on his Person, Accomplishments and Fortune, as very far from Counterfeits: His discovering himself, gave him no Uneasiness, but he dreaded, that his Love might be injur'd by it, and, as he could by no Means think of putting it to the Hazard, he determin'd still to be Silent.—I write the Fact, and will neither approve or condemn this Conduct. The Truth is, *he lov'd*, and those who have felt that Passion, perhaps will make Allowances for the Faults it occasions.

WHY should I take up the Time of my kind Reader?—He will naturally suppose, that Visits were paid and return'd;—That a Settlement was agreed on;—That the Lawyers were Fee'd and all Necessaries done, to the finishing a Matter of such Consequence, but without my Help he will not know

know that *Lady Harriot's* Fortune was but Ten Thousand Pounds.

Two People, if not *Four*, imagin'd the Lawyers were very slow in their Motions, and the Clerks very dilatory in their Business. A few Guineas enliven'd their Pens, and the happy Day, at last came. The Bishop of ——— join'd all their Hands, and establish'd the *Love and Affection of their Souls*.

LORD MOUNTWORTH would not too soon disturb the Pleasure of his *Sons and Daughters*, but, in six Weeks, he began to think of returning to *Ireland*, from whence he had been absent three Years. As he found Captain *Conyers* and *Lady Harriot* greatly inclin'd to go, he advis'd him to keep his Money Matters in such a Readiness, that he might dispose of it the first convenient Opportunity.—‘ Whatever, *said my Lord*, some may imagine, let me advise you to Purchase in that *Kingdom*, but in one of those Counties the least improv'd. A Man of your Turn of Mind, will soon discover the many Advantages. You will build convenient Houses for the poor People, and set them a *Spinning*. You will almost compel them to *Industry and Labour*. They will thrive under you, and your Fortune Increase in Proportion.’—His Lordship then gave him an Account of his own Management, (as was formerly related) and assur'd him the People were all content, tho' his annual Income was augmented almost One Thousand Pounds.—If, *continued he*, a Man takes a Pleasure in viewing the *Trees* he planted, in seeing them blossom, and in tasting their Fruit, what Joy, what a *rational Joy* must he receive, who beholds a Colony of *human Creatures*, establish'd by his *Care*; flourishing by his *Bounty*, and *Blessing* his Soul, who *blessed them*?—Believe me, my dear Son, no *earthly Happiness* can equal this.—The Captain was too sensible of these Truths

Truths not to agree with my Lord.—His Spirit was already in *Ireland*, and his Imagination plann'd out his future Conduct.

COLONEL MANLY grew impatient to return Home, there, *as he said*, to rest for ever. *Lady Truegood* could not think of quitting her Father, and the young Lord could not part from his dearest Wife, so that the old Gentleman was perfectly happy, when they agreed to accompany him.—He took a most tender Leave of all his Friends, but, embracing *Conyers* with Tears of the truest Affection, call'd him his *Friend*, his *Soldier*,—but could utter no more than, *Heaven bless and protect you*, and retir'd with Eyes full of the tender Passion, to which *Lady Mountworth* and *Lady Harriot* most liberally subscrib'd.

THE Captain took a good House and Garden at *Richmond* for Mrs. *Sampson*, who promis'd to be most careful of Mrs. *Magrath* when she arriv'd. He wrote to his Mother of all his Transactions, and gave her full Instructions. Every Thing being adjusted, this chearful and happy Family quitted London, and set out for *Ireland*.

C H A P. XXII.

*The Wise new Prudence from the Wise acquire,
And one brave Hero fans another's Fire.*

POPE'S *Homer*.

THE Journey was made less tedious by their sprightly and agreeable Conversation.—His Lordship often spoke of *Ireland*, but in such a Manner as to remove the *Prejudices* he supposed Mr. *Conyers* might have to it.—‘The Face of the Country,’ said he, is certainly charming, and the Soil, the Rivers, and the Climate abundantly supply every

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' every Necessary for Life. It was formerly so
' *Woody*, that the Exhalations of the Earth were
' confin'd, and the Air wanted a Currency con-
' sequently, it was *very fatal to Strangers*. Now
' indeed, you will find the other Extream, and a
' shameful Neglect of Trees; but, as they have
' promis'd, so do they mend every Day.—You
' will be surpris'd at their Herds of *Cattle*. The
' City of *Cork* alone, slaughters for the *West Indies*
' above *Eighty Thousand* every Year. No doubt
' it is a profitable Branch, but so much *Pasturage*,
' depopulates a Country, and makes the common
' People extreamly *poor* and *miserable*. The In-
' habitants seem now to have a Relish and a Taste
' for Industry, and they feel the Sweetness of it. In
' many Things, no People act Wiser, and in o-
' thers it is the reverse, particularly in *Corn*. When
' a Scarcity happens, they all run to the Plow.
' Next Year, *Corn* is a Drugg, the *Dutch* buy it
' at their own Price, and the poor Farmers are un-
' done. The following Year the Plow is neglect-
' ed, and *Corn* again rises to an exorbitant Price,
' and then the *Dutch* return them their own.'

' I AM surpris'd, *said Conyers*, that their Expe-
' rience has not convinc'd them of the Necessity of
' *Grannaries*.?—' They much want them, *re-*
' ply'd my Lord, but it must be an Affair of Govern-
' ment, for private Persons would be ruin'd in their
' Fortunes or Characters by such a Scheme.'—
' By what I have heard, *said Conyers*, it is a plen-
' tiful Country, and very *Cheap*.?—' True, *an-*
' swer'd Lady Harriot, and yet it is made much
' *Dearer* than in *England*. If Provisions be a
' Third Cheaper, and the Fashion of the Country
' obliges the Use of *double Quantities*, must it not
' be more Expensive?—' Well, well, *said*
' Lady Mountworth, suppose it dearer, and that
' they

‘ they are not so rich as in *England*, they live well,
 ‘ they are a generous hospitable People, and have
 ‘ Spirits and Chearfulness, not to be purchased by
 ‘ mere Wealth. If they have Faults shew me a
 ‘ Nation without them?’——‘ My Mistress, said
 ‘ my Lord, is quite an *Irish Woman*.’——‘ I believe,
 ‘ said she, my Dear means, I am quite unpreju-
 ‘ diced; but granting I was otherwise, ought I not
 ‘ to regard that *Kingdom* that maintains us? I wish
 ‘ every one did the same, and then their *Poverty*
 ‘ and *Folly* would not be so conspicuous.

‘ We are told, said the Captain, that the *En-
 ‘ glish Charter Schools* are in a very flourishing Con-
 ‘ dition, and will in Time make it a *Protestant*
 ‘ *Kingdom*.’——Yes, reply’d my Lord, they are
 ‘ greatly and very justly encouraged, but it will take
 ‘ Time to compleat so laudable a Work.——
 ‘ Tho’ it is the *King* of all Charities, yet I think
 ‘ my Plan would much shorten it.—Suppose the
 ‘ Legislator vested *One Hundred Thousand Pounds*
 ‘ in the Hands of a few Trustees of known Inte-
 ‘ grity and Judgment, to be apply’d in purchasing
 ‘ Lands in some particular Counties, and letting
 ‘ those Lands in small Farms to poor Protestant
 ‘ *Swiss* or *Palatines*, naturalized, and to Protestant
 ‘ Husbandmen of our own Kingdoms. These
 ‘ Farms should be *Rent Free* for three Years; pay
 ‘ a small Matter for three Years more, and raise it
 ‘ in such a Proportion as should be judg’d Equit-
 ‘ able, till by degrees the Lands paid the full Va-
 ‘ lue, but not of the Improv’d Rent. They should
 ‘ have *Fee Farm Leases*, but not suffer’d to sell or
 ‘ alienate the Lands in any Shape, for a certain
 ‘ Number of Years, without the Consent of the
 ‘ Trustees.——Such a Scheme, properly executed,
 ‘ would certainly, in the first Instance, be Expensive
 ‘ to the *Government*, but it would, as certainly,
 ‘ soon

‘ soon fill the Country with *Industrious* and *Faithful*
 ‘ *Subjects*, and return to that *Government* a Ten-
 ‘ fold Interest.

‘ As ENGLAND, *said the Captain*, has purchas-
 ‘ ed that *Kingdom* by much Blood and Treasure,
 ‘ perhaps they are too severe in their Conduct to-
 ‘ wards it. All confess the Policy of *France*, and
 ‘ their constant Maxim is, to grant more Privileges
 ‘ to their *conquer’d Provinces* and *Towns*, than they
 ‘ allow the Interior of the Kingdom.’—‘ On this,
 ‘ *said my Lord*, I shall not argue, but, take *Ireland*
 ‘ in General, and you will find them tolerably hap-
 ‘ py. If all the *proper Use* be not made of so large
 ‘ a Kingdom, *England* will at last discover her Er-
 ‘ ror, and rectify it. I must say for the Honour
 ‘ of *Ireland*, that no Nation ever made in so short
 ‘ a Time such *wonderful Improvements*; and I must
 ‘ add, that *England* has been, in many Instances,
 ‘ extreamly Generous, and they begin already to
 ‘ feel and perceive the Utility of it.

‘ As to FRANCE, *continued my Lord*, I am
 ‘ convinc’d that her *great Strength* lies not in the
 ‘ vast Superiority of her Dominions. We are told
 ‘ that *Great Britain* and *Ireland* are to *France* as 100
 ‘ to 107. Her chief Power consists in the equal
 ‘ Distribution of Benefits to the *Whole*, and in her
 ‘ Schemes for making a *formerly, divided People*,
 ‘ now Think and Act as *one Man*.—Were we so
 ‘ True to our own Interest;—Were we so Indust-
 ‘ rious to procure to each other a reciprocal Ad-
 ‘ vantage;—Did we manage every Inch of Ter-
 ‘ ritory for the Benefit of the *Whole Community*,
 ‘ and not Sacrifice the *Bounties of Nature* to the
 ‘ private Interest of a Few, GREAT BRITAIN, in
 ‘ Reality, would hold the *Ballance of Europe*.’—
 Lady Harriot, smil’d and said, ‘ I cannot but won-
 ‘ der

der at the vast Pains my Lord takes about *Ireland*, when, with all his Consideration, he cannot change the Nature of Things, but must leave them, almost where he found them: If he could persuade the *Rulers of the State* to think like him, then indeed I should have a Chance of seeing *Ireland* planted like a Garden.'

'GIVE me Leave to tell you, reply'd my Lord, that I apprehend it the indispensable Duty of every *faithful Subject*, to throw out such Information and Hints to the *Government* as he judges of general Use. Should he *err* in his Conjectures, perhaps they may give Birth to somewhat really Beneficial. In any Case, his *good Intentions* will at least deserve Praise.—I am not such a *Wind-Mill* Fighter as to pretend to *amend the World*, yet I hope *your Ladyship* will indulge an Attempt to amend my little Share of it, and shew others a *good Example*.—According to my Notions, this is almost as essential a Part of my *Duty*, as to *Fear God and Honour the King*, neither can it justly be said I do one or the other without it.'

SUCH was the general Run of Conversation.—They pleas'd and instructed each other.—They spoke of *Things* with Freedom, but of *Persons* with Good-nature.—They had no Conception of the Joys of turning all into *Ridicule*;—of the Pleasure of *Sarcasm*, nor of the Delight of finding out *Faults*, and magnifying them.—No.—They had Souls above the vulgar Topic of *Slander*.—*They lov'd Mankind, and Mankind lov'd them.*

A YACHT attended for my Lord and Family, and they arrived safe in *Dublin* the 16th of *April* 1750. They stay'd a short Time in that City, and then set out for BOUNTY-HALL. His Lordship's Tenants met him on the Road, and their unfeign'd Joy is past Description.

JACK CONNOR, now CONYERS. 357

As soon as *Conyers* perceived the venerable Seat wherein he had experienced so much Humanity and so many Blessings, his Heart swell'd with *Gratitude*. Every tender Sensation rush'd so violently on him, that he was scarce able to speak. *Lady Harriot* observ'd his Countenance chang'd, and was dreadfully frighten'd, as were my *Lord* and *Lady*. With some Difficulty he got into the House, and begg'd to lye down a few Minutes, and all would be well, but no Persuasion could remove *Lady Harriot* from his Bed Side. He indulg'd his Tears, and permitted them to flow in Silence, and unperceiv'd by *Lady Harriot*.—In two Hours he was quite recover'd, and join'd the Family to their inexpressible Joy.

Tho' he took Care not to enquire for particular Persons, yet he soon found, that the *Good*, the Honest Mr. *Kindly*, had been dead above two Years; that Mr. *Cassock* had been Minister of the Parish Eleven, and that his Wife was well, and had a fine Family of Children. These he fix'd in his Thoughts. The old *Butler* and Mrs. *Mathews* were dead. *Mademoiselle Le Meagre* was old, but liv'd happily with Mrs. *Cassock* on a Pension from my Lord. The Good-natur'd *Groom* was a favourite Coachman, and had a considerable Farm, and was well married: *Conyers* determin'd in himself to do him Service.—He view'd the Land with the utmost Pleasure, but it was so chang'd, and the Inhabitants and little Houses so alter'd and so decent, that all seem'd Enchantment. With Difficulty could he persuade himself, that *Eighteen Years* could make such a wonderful Change.—Such is the Power of good Management, and such the Effect of Industry!

CAPTAIN CONYERS was in such vast Delight, that he fear'd he should discover himself improperly, and determin'd to watch a convenient Opportunity
of

of opening his Heart to my Lord.—Thus they liv'd for two Months, when an Addition was made to the general Joy. In short, *Lady Harriot* could no longer hide a Pregnancy which she had taken great Pains to conceal.

MY LORD heard of an *Estate* to be sold in the next *County*, and that the Proprietor was in *Waterford*. He knew the Lands and the Owner, and so much wish'd to have his Son fix'd there, that he propos'd a Journey to *Waterford* as the shortest and surest Way of coming to an Agreement. No doubt the Ladies were in some Trouble, particularly *Lady Harriot*, but his Lordship rallied them out of such Whimsies, and in three Days set out on this Expedition.

C H A P. XXIII.

*Not He, of Wealth immense possess,
Tasteless who piles his massy Gold,
Among the Number of the Blest,
Should have his glorious Name enroll'd;
He better claims the glorious Name, who knows
With Wisdom to enjoy what Heaven bestows.*

FRANCIS'S HORACE.

ON their Arrival at *Waterford*, they were inform'd, that the Gentleman they wanted was then at *Clonmell*, and next Morning they pursu'd their Journey to that City. In the Evening, they travell'd leisurely on, and my Lord was diverting him with a merry Story of his Youth, when suddenly Mr. *Conyers* cry'd out, *Great God!* and fainted in the Post-Chaise.—His Lordship, in prodigious Trouble, stopp'd the Chaise, and all were employ'd in recovering the Captain. They took him out, and no House being at Hand, carry'd him to the Hut of a *Beggar*. When his Senses were recall'd,

call'd, what was his Astonishment at finding himself actually placed in his *first Habitation*!—He utter'd some Words that greatly affected his *Lordship*, who imagin'd a Lightness in the Brain, and made him most ardently desire to be in a Place where proper Assistance could be had.—In a little Time his Spirits so much reviv'd, that my Lord hurry'd him into the Chaise, and the Beggar had Reason to be thankful for the Accident.

THE CAPTAIN was lost in Thought. The Idea of former Times was so strong, and every childish Circumstance recurr'd so clearly to his Memory, that it might have been fatal to him, had not his Eyes given Vent to the Throbbings of his Heart.—— This lasted a considerable Time; but he was quite himself when he arriv'd at *Clonmell*.

' My dear Conyers, said my Lord, you give me vast Pain; I perceive your Disorder is not occasion'd by Sickness, but by somewhat that oppresses your Mind.—Relieve it, I beseech you, and confide in me, not merely as a *Father*, but as a *Friend*.——If my Power of Fortune can give you Ease, count it already done. Let me intreat you not to stifle your Cares, if you have any, which must torture your Imagination, and keep me on the Rack.'

' HEAVEN is my Witness, said Mr. Conyers, I mean not to give your *Lordship* the least Uneasiness. But, my Lord, I have such a Tale of Wonder to unfold, that overcomes my Reason.— Can you believe, can your *Lordship* imagine, that the Hovel I was just now in, was my Dwelling for Years?'—My *Lord* thought him distracted, and advis'd him to forbear any further Relation, and go to Rest.

' I SEE, said Mr. Conyers, your *Lordship* thinks
' my

‘ my Mind is disturb’d.—’Tis true ; but my Reason is clear.—Oh, my Lord ! I am not capable of injurious Deceits, but that I have deceived you, is certain.’ ‘ My dear Son, *reply’d the good Lord*, I know your Honour, and your Virtue, but I know not of a Deceit.’—— ‘ Yes, my Lord, *answer’d Conyers*, you are my Father ;—your Bounty rais’d me ; ——your Humanity supported my Infant Weakness ;——your Virtues form’d my Soul ;——the Will of the Almighty has conducted my Steps, and now throws at your Feet, the Poor,—the Helpless,—the Abandoned’ *JACK CONNOR.*

LORD MOUNTWORTH was all Amazement.. He forgot Mr. *Conyers* was on his Knees, but gazing, with Eyes of Astonishment, at last he rais’d him, and look’d again.—When he had fully brought to his Memory the long unthought-of Features of *Jack Connor*, he flew with Transport to his Arms.—— ‘ Gracious Heaven ! *cry’d he*, how unsearchable are thy Ways.—Oh, my dear *Jack*, you have amply,——amply rewarded the Kindness I have shewn you.—You are now mine by every Tie.’— ‘ If your Lordship, *said Conyers*, can pardon the only Fallacy I was ever guilty of, you will, a second Time, give me Life and Being.’-- ‘ My dear *Jack*, *reply’d my Lord*, you every Moment give me new Pleasure ;--- I think you are now my Son more than ever:-- But, my Child, tell my impatient Ear how this Wonder has happen’d ;-- tell me how it is possible, when Mr. *Johnston* was so certain of your being drown’d, that I now find, now hold you in my Arms !-- ‘ I shall, *answer’d Mr. Conyers*, most faithfully inform your Lordship of every Part of my Life, but permit me to ask, What is become of Mr. *Johnston’s* Niece ?’-- ‘ To the best of my Memory, *said my Lord*, she married Mr.

‘ Mr. *Lilly* the Usher, about the Time you left the School. Your old Master died Six Years ago, and Mr. *Lilly* continues the former Plan of Tuition, with great Credit.’

‘ Now I am satisfy’d, *said Conyers* ; and now give me Leave to recount every Circumstance of my Story, and your Lordship will observe the visible Hand of *Providence* conducting and leading me to the Fruition of the most perfect *Happiness* this World can afford.--It has conducted me to the Arms of the dearest and *best of Wives*, and to the Sight of the noblest and *best of Men*.--Heaven, I beseech thee, make me most truly thankful.’

HE then began the Narrative of his Life, which, if the Reader has forgot, he has my Permission to read again, for I have not Time to Recapitulate.

EVERY Incident and Change of his Life, gave his Lordship fresh Matter for Wonder ; but what struck him the most, was his being the Son of *Sir Roger Thornton*, who had married his Sister.——

‘ I shall ever, *said he*, admire your Prudence, in keeping your Affairs so *secret*, and I shall always Honour your laudable *Ambition* and *Gratitude*.--When our dear *Harriot* has bless’d you with a Child, both she and my dear *Wife* shall partake of the Joy your Story has given me. As for *Sir Roger*, he must know nothing of it, for he has a *certain Pride* in his Nature, that would soon divulge it to the World, and, perhaps, not in its genuine Colours. For my own Part, my *dearest Jack*, I am so far from being asham’d of your Alliance, that I glory in it; yet, my Son, I would not chuse to be the constant Theme of the *Ignorant*.--Did Mankind love *Truth* and *Honour*, more than *Falshood* and *Detraction*, the Occur-

rences of your Life would *strengthen* their Resolves, and convince ALL,——That to be
 ‘REALLY HAPPY, they must be TRULY VIR-
 ‘TUOUS.’

Gentle Reader,

RIGHT sorry is the Compiler of this Work, that his Materials can carry him no further, and he is not permitted to search into *Futurity*. Should our good JACK CONNOR, or CAPTAIN CONYERS, live Thirty or Forty Years longer, perhaps he will furnish Matter for a much *abler Historian*. The Work thou hast now read, has been little alter'd from the *Original Papers*; but some *Observations*, or rather *slight Hints*, have been added, and are the Result of not a little Experience of *Sixty Years*.—If thou findest *Errors*, reprove with Freedom, but judge of the *Intention*.——If thou applaudest any one Part of the *Moral*, thou wilt make the *Compiler* happy, as he will imagine thou wilt follow the *Precept*.——To the *well-minded*, to the *honest Man*, he says from *Shakespear's CORIOLANUS*,

I have done, as you have done ; That's, what I can ;

Induc'd, as you have been; That's, for my Country ;

*He, that has but effected his Good-will,
 Hath overta'en mine Act.*

FAREWELL,



F I N I S.